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δούπησεν δὲ πεισὼν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ  
Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms resound;  
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.

Here is amplification certainly; but the object is to produce a pomp of sound, and the English language, in the hands of a master, has avoided that weakness, with which the *ἡσε* of the verbal termination has "drowned the dramatic force which naturally lies in the roots *δούπ* and *ἀραβ*." Indeed, we ought to go farther than this, and say that when a translation is made from a language of less into a language of greater compass, "it ought to be superior to the original, not only in the parts, but as a whole." It must not be supposed for a moment that Greek and English hold these relative positions in every quality. But it is clear the Professor thinks that on many occasions it is possible for English verse, properly handled, to do somewhat more than merely give a full idea of the Greek original. Now, however, comes what he correctly says is a "much more slippery and perilous path to tread," when we have to decide into what kind of verse Homer shall be translated. In hexameters "we imagine we should have a perfect photograph of the divine Mæonian, and luxuriate in every hair of his beard, as in the grand old heads from the careful hand of Albrecht Dürer." And it must be admitted that "Evangeline" is a great success, and that "Evangeline" is written in hexameters. We fear the Profes-

sor's remark upon this will not help to make him popular across the Atlantic. His sneer is the greatest instance of bad taste, and illiberality that we have met with for a long time. He positively declares "that a great innovation in the hereditary laws of our English poetry should have proceeded from the democratic Americans, always, like the ancient Athenians, itching for something new, will not certainly recommend this experiment to any sound-minded English writer." It was the more ungenerous to pen such a sentence as this because plenty of very excellent reasons follow against using the hexameter, which, however, amount principally to a statement of the fact, that except in the one instance, they have been tried by competent persons, and always thrown aside. They are a classical excrescence, an academic luxury. There remains a choice between blank verse, the ten-syllabled heroic couplet, and some ballad measure. Holding, as he does, Homer to have been not the literary gentleman, but the singing minstrel, Professor Blackie at once rejects the two former. The heroic couplet does not, indeed, exclude rhyme, to which, as possessing so great a wealth of vocal consonance, he is resolved to bind himself. For terminational rhymes occur naturally and frequently in Homer, but the heroic couplet rather replaces them by other rhymes, than efficiently reproduces them. The rhythm of Homer is, however, essentially founded on the couplet, the triplet, and the quatrain; and on applying this principle we have as measures "the old fourteen-syllabled iambic line of Chapman, the variation of it with a double ending, the trochaic tetrameter catalectic of 'Locksley Hall,' or the octosyllabic English stanza." Having made up his mind to the first, no one who has read a few pages of the Professor's prose will doubt his finding good and sufficient reasons for anything he chooses to do. Still, before he finishes his preliminary volume, he treats us to three criticisms on Chapman, Pope, and Cowper. Of these a foreign writer says, cleverly enough, as we learn by a note, that Chapman undertook his version from an *amor et studium Græci poetæ fere lymphaticum*, while Pope did it as a mercantile speculation, to keep himself alive, and Cowper as a medicine for weak nerves and blue-devils. Our author does not here give the supremacy so completely to Pope as before; but he says enough to show that a very wide field was left by Chapman for a successor who might choose the same metre. Perhaps an unusual access of modesty has induced him to insist upon this point more than was necessary. Chapman is in fact obsolete. Occasionally a poet like Keats may mouth him into a little notice, but it is a peculiar taste which can pore over his ingenious conceits, and his splendid bombast. At last he has been fairly met on his own grounds, and with what success our opinion at least will soon be clear.

So far Professor Blackie as a critic. Now for his performance. Try him in sound and rhythm, which are the requisites his own ear first demands.

How then does he render the

βῆ δ' ἄχέων πάρα θίνα πολυφλοίσβοιο  
θαλάσσης—?

But silent went to the billowy beach of the vast and voiceful sea.

and the δούπησεν δὲ πεισὼν, already referred to?

With heavy sound he smote the ground, and his armour rattled o'er him.

Now in both these lines there is an attempt to improve upon the original. In the first there is some amplification, and the double rhyme of the *οιο* is transferred to the "silent went"; and the same luxury is added to the second. Both are very happy, and certainly not inferior to Homer.

Now let us try him where the English epic usually fails, that is, in the comic parts of the poem; as in the description of Thersites:—  
Words, words he knew; wild lawless words about him now he flings,  
Nor aught abates, but fiercely rates the Jove-descended Kings;

Content if he might laughter move with reckless jest; the most ill-favoured wight was he, I ween, of all the Grecian host.

With hideous squint the railer leered: on one foot he was lame;

Forward before his narrow chest his hunching shoulders came;

Or of Vulcan:—

He spake: and with well pleased heart the white-aimed Heræ smiled,

And took the tway-cupped beaker from the hands of her faithful child.

Then he from left to right went round, and poured the nectar fine

To all the gods: from a deep bowl he drew the draught divine.

With quenchless laughter then the gleeful gods were shaken all,

To see such goodly skinker limping deftly through the hall.

The success in these passages, and no one can deny that the success is very great, is owing chiefly to the fact that the translator has not been over-awed by Homer. He is not afraid to say with Mr. Newman that the real Greek Homer is sometimes mean and ignoble. He has, to use a cant phrase, stood up to his master; and used slang for slang. He has painted him like Oliver Cromwell *wart and all*; and his metre has seconded him wonderfully. But let no one suppose this detracts from his credit. He has chosen the metre because it could do these things. He wanted an instrument which could deal a heavy blow with the end as well as with a fine point; or, to use the old illustration of Dr. Johnson's powers of arguing, if the highly complicated mechanism of his pistol may miss fire, he can leave his mark on Homer with the butt-end. Take another test; the Catalogue of the Ships:—

The men that dwelt in Hyria and Aulis' rocky bay,

And Eteonos' hilly slopes, Scelus and Thespie, Schœnus and Graia, and broad-fielded Mycalessus, and

Eileisium and Harma, and the Erythrean land, And they who dwelt in Eleon, Hylé, and Peteon, Ocalea, and thy castled steep, thou well-built Medeon. . . . .

These lines do not permit us to alter an opinion we have more than once recently expressed, that no verse can be so well-adapted to the enumeration of localities as the octosyllabic; but still, even here, there is no such great falling off from the way the lofty rhyme should be built, as to make a reader, innocent of Greek, immediately aware that he has a gloomy lake to cross, over which many a songster might flap his wings in vain. In many passages Homer, if literally translated, would appear flat and feeble. There is no close-packed thought in him, no studied allusion, no subtle desire to call up familiar associations. All this must be provided for. His simplicity must be supported by some mechanism as it is in the original. Rhyme is the only spell we moderns can safely use. The hexameter resembles the spear of Pelides. Another, like Patroclus, may put on the sounding armour and the glittering ornaments of him he would fain represent, but there is one unerring weapon he must leave untouched. Can we read with pleasure the mere narrative in a translation? Here is the beginning of the third book:—

Now when the captains and the men for fight well-marshalled stood,

With clang and din, like trooping birds, the Trojan multitude

Rushed to the fray; with clangour loud, even as the banded cranes,

That shun the wintry tempest, and the black-down-sweeping rains,

And fly to ocean's distant flood, on swift air-cleaving wing,

And to the small Pigmean men death and destruction bring,

And wake the fight with grim delight, when the morning mist is gray:

But breathing silent strength, the Greeks their steady lines display;

Brother for brother sworn to die, they march to the crimson fray.

Anybody, scholar or not, who is satisfied with this specimen, may be sure he can read



this English Homer through; and we doubt if this can be expected for any other representatives of the thousands of lines which the Iliad contains except those of Pope. And in this measure, when the attention flags, the ear is tickled by such rhymes as these:—

So sharp art thou, fell-purposed Mars within thy breast so mighty.  
But, brother mine, blame not the gifts of golden Aphrodite.

Or,—

Come hither, lady fair, and well by thy bright eyne be noted,  
Those horse-subduing Trojans, and the brave Greeks copper-coated.

The word "eyne," like "tway-cupped," is a fancy, which we must pardon rather than praise. Archaic words are by no means improper to express Homeric synonyms; but there is no sufficient occasion for them here, and the constant repetition of these unmeaning substitutes for "eyes," and "two," we cannot but think a blemish. To translate χαλκος by "copper" is perhaps not wrong. But as a doubt whether some alloy did not really enter into its composition, and make it to some extent "brass," is allowed to appear in a note, we are justified in assuming that the quavering quaintness and amusing alliteration its use gives to his long line has influenced the poet, rather than his scientific knowledge the Professor. Nor less successful is Achilles' sarcasm over the dead Lycaon:—

Then by the foot he dragged the dead, and flung him in the river,  
And standing grim on the water's brim, these words did thus deliver:  
There make thy bed, O Prince, and let the careless feasters there,  
The fishes, lick thy blood! for thee no mother dear prepare,  
With shrill-voiced wail, the decent bier! but thou shalt blindly wander  
Down to the dark broad-bosomed sea, in the swirl of the strong Scamander!  
There some strong fish from the depths of the brine to the dark wave's wrinkling face,  
Shall leap, and daintily there shall dine on a Prince of the Trojan race!  
So perish thou, and all thy crew, till the day when the heavenly powers  
Give sacred Troy into our hands, and I shall raze its towers.

On the other hand, the famous midnight scene at the end of the eighth book is inferior both to Pope and Tennyson; but whether this is an instance in which two great poets have improved upon their original, and so rendered a fresh translator's task more than ordinarily difficult, we cannot determine. It is not, however, merely in select passages that we have been so charmed. Felicitous rhymes, and simple but unexpected turns crop out on every page, and seduce us into reading far more than we intended. Homer is to many, if the truth were told, a task rather than a pleasure. Professor Blackie has found this, no doubt. He has praised Pope for seeking the pleasure of his readers, and has evidently made it a principal object himself. Many an effect has been produced, in the most legitimate way by epithets, which no one till now has felt to be anything but impossible to transmute. "Fine" and "beautiful" point many a couplet. There is not unfrequently a kind of border grimness, which would have delighted Scott, thrown into the monosyllabic endings of a truculent couplet. As—

So with the lance that stuck in his teeth, he dragged him o'er the rim,  
And dashed him, gaping, on the ground, and left no life in him.

We opened Professor Blackie's Homer with a very strong prejudice against his metre. We must confess our judgment has been taken by storm. Where we thought he must fail, we are obliged to admit he comes out more triumphant than ever. Above all, he is never dreary. He resembles the original in that he evidently has a pride in every line. He not only believes he has something to say, but he is sure nobody else could say it so well. There is effort, but it is that of the strong man. His march is like that of the practised

mountaineer. He can enjoy the view when he gets to the top, and go by the longer, or shortest and steeper path, as he has a mind to. Twelve years of labour are well spent on such a poem as this. For a true poem it undoubtedly is, and what is more, it is Homer.

#### TRAINING.

*Training in Theory and Practice.* By Archibald MacLaren, 8vo., pp. 202. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

THE Gospel of Athletics has been preached very energetically, and its missionaries may point to very considerable results in all quarters, whatever may be their weight for good or evil. So far as the Universities are concerned, no one who fairly compares the present undergraduate life with what it was five and twenty years ago, will deny that the results for good have been neither few nor unimportant. To exemplify the theory and practice of "Training," one single exercise has been here selected—rowing—and that is an exercise most susceptible of being influenced by a judicious system of bodily preparation, being at once an art of considerable intricacy, demanding long and assiduous practice, and an exercise of some difficulty, involving the possession, though not in an equal degree, of both muscular and respiratory power, to promote which is the object of training—and the principles of training as a system of bodily preparation for special exertion, are the same for all exercises, differing only in the mode of their application, whilst even this difference of application is virtually limited to the administration of but two of the agents of health, exercise and diet. The physique of the men forming the crews, their enthusiasm, so generous and so contagious, the crowds of spectators who go to witness the races, with an enthusiasm scarcely less strong, and certainly no less demonstrative than that of the rowers; the flags, the colours and costumes; the barges, and the river itself all tend to give an importance to this, unapproached by any other, and to give to it the first place in the front rank of Recreative Exercises.

Again, the numbers who come down to the river side to witness the sport in the summer evenings, testify to the extent to which the enjoyment is shared; and there is not a man on the river bank or barge whose eye does not kindle, nor a lady whose cheek does not mantle up, when the hoarse continuous roar comes on and on, and the crowd sways to and fro, and the boats rush by. To the spectators it is all enjoyment while seen and when remembered, without alloy, drawback, or danger, but how is it with the crews, every muscle braced, every nerve strained, your whole heart and strength in the stroke, and your eyes nailed to the back in front of you, the yelling crowd and the hoarse cries of the coxswain din in your ears, a few seconds more and just as blind and panting with exertion, you feel your oar slipping out of your numbed hands, the welcome boom of the gun tells the goal is reached, and you have won by a second or two.

This book is a very ambitious one, and will no doubt be very popular. Napoleon said that when he was elected a Member of the Institute, every soldier respected their young general all the more for having the right to don a learned garb. Not an oarsman, however much he may dread his "smalls," but will rejoice to see this vindication of the way he spends his time, brilliant with blue and gold, occupying a prominent place on Macmillan's counter. He will rejoice in the trouble it will give to get it up, for not only does it contain a large amount of information, but it is so elaborated as to require very carefully reading to arrive at its proper meaning. The remarks in reference to the selection of a crew are well founded:—

Too much care cannot be taken in selecting men for the work, and in "coaching" them when selected. Rowing at speed with young hands should be long delayed, and very gradually approached. I am not speaking of the advantages of such measures to them as oarsmen, although these

will undoubtedly be great, but as to the effect which such gradual initiation into an art, which makes such great demands upon the energies of the most susceptible organs of the body, will have upon present and future health and strength. Men should not be selected by skill alone, nor from unwillingness alone, for the spirit of a man to enter upon such efforts is often in an inverse ratio to his power to pursue them, but also by their general bodily power and state of development.

The chest is the chief thing to be considered:—

To set a man with a flat, narrow, or otherwise defective chest to row in a racing boat, is just as wise as to set a cripple to run or jump. No man of ordinary stature and fair growth should be allowed to put hand upon an oar in a racing boat until his chest has the minimum girth of 36 inches, less will not give him space adequate to the full and fair action of the vital organs within, in the work upon which he would engage; which no man of ordinary stature and fair growth need pass his eighteenth year without possessing.

Many men dislike training because of the harm it does, and in support of this bring forward many instances of the bad effects produced on the constitution by the hard work thorough training necessarily involves; but why is this, for the simple reason that it is not done properly. It cannot be hurried over; and it is this haste that does the mischief. Few things worth doing can be done at once; and any violent exertion or sudden change in the mode of living cannot but act prejudicially on the system. Running for rowing purposes is good, but a man must not begin in his first day's training and run a mile as fast as he possibly can, but easily, and increase the speed gradually. Then again as to diet, the author, in addition to a long dissertation under that head, quotes in tabular forms the systems adopted by the two Universities, that of the Tyne watermen, and that pursued on the Thames. To say sufficient on this important subject would be to take up too much time, and we cannot do better than refer our rowing readers to the book itself. As to the suggestion put forward in support of the short stroke, no better answer can be given to this than the defeats of the Cambridge crew for the last six years, by whom that style of rowing has been adopted.

The following account of a Rowing Man is in excellent taste:—

He resided at the University, for say, 800 days, excluding Sundays and vacations, of those he passed 790 on the river; and during nine of the remainder he was laid up by a sprain caused by his exertions. The remaining day, which he wasted in lionising his mother and sisters, he will regret as long as he lives. Years afterwards he will date events by the University races of the time. The Crimean war, he will say, broke out in the year of the eighteen inch race—i. e., the race when Oxford beat Cambridge at Henley by that distance. That race was in fact the most prevailing topic of his meditations during the year. It was the culminating event of a series of which the year was made up. Every morning, at that period he was up at seven o'clock, and took his tub after half an hour's trot. His breakfast, according to a superstition not yet extinct, was raw beefsteak; his supper was oatmeal porridge. He measured his wine (except on occasional jollifications) with the careful eye of a gaoler distributing an allowance. He did not smoke for fear of injuring his wind. The only ornaments in his rooms were cups or "pewters," won on the river. His dress always included the colours of his boat club. His library consisted chiefly of the "Boating Almanac," and the back numbers of "Bell's Life." His conversation varied only by referring at one season to the "sculls," and at another to the "fours; and he always had a party of friends like-minded with himself to discuss such matters over a glass of wine.

The physiological part of the present work is very interesting, while the varied recipes for attaining athleticism, appear to prove that no general rule on the subject prevails. Our own experience varies considerably from that of the popular teachers. We consider that for muscular exercise prolonged over many successive days, the most nutritious food—i. e., that which can soonest assimilate itself into the most powerful muscular fibrine, will be found to be in the morning, a meal of cold



meat, red French wine, Burgundy if possible, if not *Vin Ordinaire*, and as little bread as possible. For luncheon, the same, with perhaps a cup of coffee. For dinner, the same meat diet, with soup, and a stronger description of wine; no vegetables, beer, sweets, or spirits should be allowed; nor is supper under such a regimen necessary. We have tried the above experiment abroad and in England, and have found it to produce a powerful muscle, enabling the most severe physical exertions to be performed. After dinner there is no tendency to repletion, and no feeling of slumber. We are confident that the "raw beefsteak" system of training is a mistake; we are certain that the words of Mr. Maclaren, in which he shows that a diet which is disgusting cannot be nutritive, are founded upon correct physiology. Unhappily we live in an age when the people do not know what is good for them to eat, and when the trainer is on the same intellectual level as the savage who distrusts the efficacy of any medicine, unless he is thoroughly griped thereby. In time we shall improve, and we doubt not that Mr. Maclaren's book will tend to affect this result.

#### MEDIAEVAL MYTHS.

*Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.* By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. 8vo, pp. 241. 7s. 6d. (Livingtons.)

THE title of this book is scarcely a correct one. Of the 12 "myths" which are principally dealt with, only four can be said to be the property of the "Middle Ages," or, indeed, of any particular age at all; and the author himself labours hard, and with perfect success, to deprive those we call more immediately "our ancestors" to any more credit than belongs to writers who adapt a drama from a novel. Such being the case, surely those "myths" which, if not of mediæval, are, so far as we know, purely of, at all events, Christian origin, should have been treated of separately, with some titular indication to mark so great a distinction; nor is this the sole difference. Two out of these, viz.,—"Prester John" and "Antichrist and Pope Joan," are not exactly "myths," that is, stories, which can and have been dressed up in a variety of ways, until it is impossible to guess when, how, or where the original nucleus existed; but are either, as in the case of Pope Joan, a direct falsehood, or, as in the former, an exaggerated account of a real personage. The Wandering Jew is, however, a real "myth," and has this peculiar attribute, that it is common to Semitic and Aryan nations. Being essentially Christian, it has been adopted by the Mussulman. This is also true of "Antichrist," who ought not to have been classed with Pope Joan merely because one interpretation of Antichrist has always considered him identical with the Pope. "The Terrestrial Paradise" recalls at once the "Islands of the Blest;" but why did Mr. Gould omit the "Holy Grail," so eminently mediæval, and so purely Christian? Whilst we think he has not done justice to his subject, there is no reason why we should not enjoy what he has to give us. To many a great deal that he says will be new, and to all it will be suggestive.

We may dismiss at once the idea that possibly the "Wandering Jew" is a reality. Whatever may be the meaning of the words in Matt. xvi., 28, and Mark ix. 1—"There be some standing here," they are not satisfied with the earthly immortality of one. The mysterious witnesses who are to appear in the last days satisfy the plural, but as one of them has been often conjectured to be St. John, we can scarcely mate him with the porter of Pilate. Besides the very late origin of the legend, for the earliest account of the "Wandering Jew" only reaches back to 1228, is conclusive to our minds against any real foundation in fact for the story. That Enoch and Elijah sometimes re-appeared was not an uncommon belief amongst the Jews, but there is little in common between the occasional vivification of an earthly tabernacle, the materials of which might be questionable, and

the constant maintenance of an ordinary body in a normal state of age and activity. The chroniclers to whom we owe if not the invention, at least the tradition, have been so far wise in their generation that they have not added any absurd details, to which modern criticism can object. We are told that Ahasuerus, such was one of his names, related many things "not recorded in the Evangelists and historians," an idea, which, if not obvious in itself, may have been suggested by the well-known termination of St. John's Gospel. But what these were is still untold. The last appearance, which is manifestly not an imposture, of any one in this character is dated in 1721. Our own notion is, that however the story arose, it was made use of by crafty mendicants, and the very fact which should have led to their detection, viz., their sudden appearance in distant parts of Europe, dressed in the same way, and always bent on a journey, was dexterously put forward as a proof of supernatural ubiquity. In modern times Cagliostro allowed it to be inferred that he might be the Wandering Jew, and on suddenly coming upon a statute of Christ, uttered a mysteriously-accented Ha! The additions made in various countries can be traced to independent sources. Thus the Swiss story of the dialogue on the Matterberg is the same as the Arabian legend quoted by Lyell in the "Principles of Geology." Perhaps, after all, the myth is merely the incarnation of the original belief so universal amongst the early Christians, that the Day of Judgment would occur within the compass of an ordinary life.

At the time when the Mahomedans appeared likely to carry their conquests over the whole of Europe, a rumour was spread that a Christian Emperor, one Presbyter Johannes, was coming to the rescue from the very centre of Asia. With the danger vanished the champion; leaving behind nothing but a most uncertain reputation and a "wonderful letter to various Christian princes, and especially to Manuel of Constantinople, and Frederic the Roman Emperor." That a Jew, like Benjamin of Tudela, should believe some Prince of the Captivity was ruling the remnant of Israel far in the centre of Asia, was natural enough. Add to this the successes of the Nestorians in the East, the supremacy of the Catholicos, or Pope of Bagdad, and perhaps some craft on the part of the Emperor and Patriarch of Constantinople, and perhaps we may indicate a clue to the pretensions of a spiritual king, whose gibberish annoyed, whilst his alliance tantalized, a Pope who trembled before the Crescent. The kind of stuff which imposed upon the most learned court of the twelfth century is sufficiently shown by this extract:—

Our land is the home of elephants, dromedaries, camels, crocodiles meta-collinarum, cametenus, tenevetes, wild asses, white and red lions, white bears, white merules, crickets, griffins, tigers, lamias hyenas; wild horses, wild oxen and wild men, men with horns, one-eyed men with eyes before and behind, centaurs, fauns, satyrs, pygmies, forty-ell high giants, Cyclopes, and similar women; it is the home, too, of the phoenix, and of nearly all living animals. We have some people subject to us who feed on the flesh of men and of prematurely born animals, and who never fear death. When any of these people die, their friends and relations eat him ravenously, for they regard it as a main duty to munch human flesh. Their names are Gog and Magog, Anie, Agit, Azenoch, Fommeperi, Befari, Conei-Samente, Agrimandri, Vintefolei, Casbei, Alanei. These and similar nations were shut in behind lofty mountains by Alexander the Great, towards the North. We lead them at our pleasure against our foes, and neither man nor beast is left undevoured, if our Majesty gives the requisite permission. And when all our foes are eaten, then we return with our hosts home again. These accursed fifteen nations will burst forth from the four quarters of the earth at the end of the world, in the times of Antichrist, and overrun all the abodes of the Saints as well as the great city Rome, which, by the way, we are prepared to give to our son who will be born, along with all Italy, Germany, the two Gauls, Britain, and Scotland. We shall also give him Spain and all the land as far as the icy sea. The nations to which I have

alluded, according to the words of the prophet, shall not stand in the judgment, on account of their offensive practices, but will be consumed to ashes by a fire which will fall on them from heaven.

The "Man in the Moon" is derived by Mr. Gould from Scandinavian mythology:—

Máni, the moon, stole two children from their parents, and carried them up to heaven. Their names were Hjuki and Bil. They had been drawing water from the well Byrgir, in the bucket Sæger, suspended from the pole Simul, which they bore upon their shoulders. These children, pole, and bucket, were placed in heaven, "where they could be seen from earth." This refers undoubtedly to the spots in the moon, and so the Swedish peasantry explain these spots to this day, as representing a boy and a girl bearing a pail of water between them. Are we not reminded at once of our nursery rhyme—

"Jack and Jill went up a hill  
To fetch a pail of water;  
Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after?"

This verse, which to us seems at first sight nonsense, I have no hesitation in saying has a high antiquity, and refers to the Eddaic Hjuki and Bil. The names indicate as much. Hjuki, in Norse, would be pronounced Juki, which would readily become Jack; and Bil, for the sake of euphony, and in order to give a female name to one of the children, would become Jill.

The fall of Jack, and the subsequent fall of Jill, simply represent the vanishing of one moon-spot after another, as the moon wanes.

In this version it is the moon that commits the theft; whereas in those founded on the gathering of sticks on the Sabbath-day, it is the man who is the guilty party. The Norse legend—if the etymology is correct—may be connected with the power the moon is supposed to have over rain-fall; but it is difficult to assign any meaning to the common story. That in Devonshire it is said those who see the sun rise on Easter-day may behold in the disc a lamb and flag is intelligible enough, without going back to those primeval superstitions which has located animals in the heavens; but this will not explain Caliban's easy credulity:—"I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee. My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush."

Many stories parallel with the old Swiss tale are brought together by Mr. Gould in the chapter on "William Tell." But these coincidences do not satisfy us that "it can in no way be regarded as history, but is rather one of the numerous household myths common to the whole stock of Aryan nations." There is no reason why the thing should not have actually occurred over and over again. Because a story was told in the "Gesta Romanorum" six hundred years ago is no reason why its counterpart should not have occurred again, even at such a place as Lewes in Sussex the other day. Old jokes are by no means always old to those who make them; and whilst human life remains essentially the same, the events of the world may repeat themselves indefinitely. Indeed, we might take exactly the opposite view, and say that actions like those of Tell, and the dog Gellert, were in particular conditions of society constantly occurring, and that in different countries when they ceased to be possible, or nearly so, the last occasion on which the once familiar experience happened, became remarkable on that very account. Thus, the date of Llewellyn cannot be far removed from the time when the wolf—the last animal that attacks man—became extinct in Wales. Many an Austrian tyrant might have anticipated Gessler; but after his expulsion no one could repeat so wanton an act of despotism.

There is more research and philosophy in the chapter on "The Divining Rod" than in any other, and the author's experience on a kindred subject is really valuable:—

I remember having been much perplexed by reading a series of experiments made with a pendulous ring over metals, by a Mr. Mayo; he ascertained that it oscillated in various directions under peculiar circumstances, when suspended by a thread over the ball of the thumb. I instituted a series of experiments, and was surprised to find the ring vibrate in an unaccountable manner in opposite



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directions over different metals. On consideration, I closed my eyes whilst the ring was oscillating over gold, and on opening them I found that it had become stationary. I got a friend to change the metals whilst I was blindfolded—the ring no longer vibrated. I was thus enabled to judge of the involuntary action of muscles, quite sufficient to have deceived an eminent medical man like Mr. Mayo, and to have perplexed me till I succeeded in solving the mystery.

We think Mr. Gould might have made more of his subject. However, he is eminently suggestive. To fill up his shortcomings would occupy another volume at least as large as the present. Perhaps he is of the same opinion himself; and if so, his sins of omission will readily be forgiven when we meet him in the same path of duty again.

Thus far had we written, when we suddenly came across so exquisite a criticism of the "Legend of Tannhäuser," by Mr. A. C. Swinburne, that large as our obligations are to him this week, we are sure Mr. Gould at least will not complain of the quotation:—

To me it seemed that the tragedy began with the knight's return to Venus—began at the point where hitherto it had seemed to leave off. The immortal agony of a man lost after all repentance—cast down from fearful hope into fearless despair—believing in Christ and bound to Venus—desirous of penitential pain, and damned to joyless pleasure—this, in my eyes, was the kernel and nucleus of a myth comparable only to that of the foolish virgins, and bearing the same burden. The tragic touch of the story is this; that the knight who has renounced Christ believes in him; the lover who has embraced Venus disbelieves in her. Vainly and in despair would he make the best of that which is the worst—vainly remonstrate with God, and argue on the side he would fain desert. Once accept or admit the least admixture of pagan worship, or of modern thought, and the whole story collapses into froth and smoke. It was not till my poem was completed that I received from the hands of its author the admirable pamphlet of Charles Baudelaire on Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. If any one desires to see, expressed in better words than I can command, the conception of the mediæval Venus which it was my aim to put into verse, let him turn to the magnificent passage in which M. Baudelaire describes the fallen goddess, grown diabolic among ages that would not accept her as divine. In another point, as I then found, I concur with the great musician and his great panegyrist. I have made Venus the one love of her knight's whole life, as Mary Stuart of Chastelard's; I have sent him, poet and soldier, fresh to her fierce embrace. Thus only both legend and symbol appear to me noble and significant. Light loves and harmless errors must not touch the elect of heaven or of hell. The queen of evil, the lady of lust, will endure no rival but God; and when the vicar of God rejects him, to her only can he return to abide the day of his judgment in weariness and sorrow and fear.

## HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

*History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent.* By George Bancroft. Vol. IX. 1776 to 1778. 8vo. 12s. (Sampson Low and Co.)

IT is the boast of some American writers, or of their friends for them, that no one would distinguish their works from those of Englishmen. This may be true of Prescott, or of Washington Irving. It certainly is not so of Bancroft. Nor is the very marked difference owing entirely to the subject. No English historian would have struck out such a simile of Dickinson, who wrote the first draught of Confederation, but ran away from the battle-field, as this:—"The farmer of Pennsylvania, like the statue of the fabled child of the morning twilight, welcomed the coming sun with music, but stood silent and motionless during the heat of the day." Care has before now stuck to the skirts of a horseman, but not "heavily on the brow of the young people, who were to be formed to fortitude by tribulation, and endeared to after ages by familiarity with sorrows." Let it not be understood that we blame these flights unreservedly. They add a zest to the narrative, and, if they suit the American taste, that alone, in a national work like this, must be a great recommendation. Nor do we complain

of the ingenious way in which the right term is placed in the mouth, as it were, of the Britisher, when the execution of Hale is narrated:—

When, after the disasters on Long Island, Washington needed to know in what quarter the attack of the British was to be expected, Nathan Hale, a captain in Knowlton's regiment, a graduate of Yale College, an excellent scholar, comparatively a veteran in the service, having served with Knowlton at Cambridge, but three months beyond one-and-twenty, yet already betrothed, volunteered to venture under a disguise, within the British lines. Just at the moment of his return, he was seized and carried before General Howe, in New York; he frankly avowed his name and rank in the American Army, and his purpose, which his papers confirmed; and, without a trial, Howe ordered him to be executed the following morning as a spy. That night he was exposed to the insolent cruelty of his jailer. The consolation of seeing a clergyman was denied him; his request for a Bible was refused. The more humane British officer who was deputed to superintend his execution furnished him means to write to his mother and to a comrade in arms. On the morning of the twenty-second, as he ascended the gallows, he said; "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." The provost-marshal destroyed his letters, as if grudging his friends a knowledge of the firmness with which he had contemplated death. His countrymen never pretended that the beauty of his character should have exempted him from the penalty which the laws of war imposed; they complained only that the hours of his imprisonment were embittered by barbarous harshness.

But we must seriously differ with Mr. Bancroft when he proceeds to estimate the advantage of the American War of Independence to foreign nations, and especially to France. It was Franklin who bent before Voltaire, and demanded for his grandson the benediction of the man who had just "given out that if there was not a God, it would be necessary to invent him." And, in a practical point of view, nothing gave such a final blow to French finance, as the unnecessary and untimely alliance against England with America.

But, if we cannot always agree with the reflections of our author, there is little other fault to be found. As the Simancas papers have proved a most valuable find for our own minute historians, so Mr. Bancroft has discovered in the military archives of Prussia immense masses of papers, reports, and letters which were sent over for the information of the Duke of Brunswick. Probably those of Hesse-Cassel contain documents of no less interest. Had the publication of this volume been delayed, no doubt they would have been equally at the disposal of the author. We can well understand the late Elector was not likely to furnish any details respecting that singular traffic in men the smaller German sovereigns to a great extent lived upon down to the French Revolution. We hope, though the Preface says the materials for the concluding volume are already complete, some information on this subject may be at least added in an appendix. What we do learn is almost incredible:—

For land forces, the hopes of the ministers rested mainly on the kinglings of Germany. The petty prince of Waldeck collected for the British service twenty men from his own territory and its neighborhood, twenty-three from Suabia, near fifty elsewhere, in all eighty-nine; and to prevent their desertion, locked them up in the Hanoverian fortress of Hameln. It was the cue of the Hereditary Prince of Cassel to talk of difficulties and impossibilities, that he might gain a still greater claim on British gratitude and treasure far exceeding all expectations. He had a troublesome competitor in his own father, whose agents were busy in all the environs of Hanau; nevertheless he furnished ninety-one recruits, and four hundred and sixty-eight additional yagers, which was fifty-six more than he had bargained for.

The Duke of Brunswick behaved the most shabbily of all. Of the men whom he offered, Faucitt writes: "I hardly remember to have ever seen such a parcel of miserable, ill-looking fellows collected together." Two hundred and twenty-two were with difficulty culled out and accepted; and even these were far from being wholly fit for service.

The Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach, nephew

of Frederic of Prussia, a kinsman of George the Third of England, expressed his eager desire to enter into the trade in soldiers; and on very moderate terms he furnished two regiments of twelve hundred men, besides a company of eighty-five yagers, all of the best quality, unsurpassed in any service, tall, neatly clad, handling their bright and faultless arms with dexterity, spirit, and exactness. The Margrave readily promised that they should receive the full British pay, and kept his engagements with exceptional scrupulousness.

The regiments of Anspach could not be trusted to carry ammunition or arms, but were driven on by a company of trusty yagers well provided with both, and ready to nip a mutiny in the bud. Yet eighteen or twenty succeeded in deserting. When the rest reached their place of embarkation at Ochsenfurt on the Main, the regiment of Bayreuth began to march away and hide themselves in some vineyards. The yagers, who were all picked marksmen, were ordered to fire among them, by which some of them were killed. They avenged themselves by putting a yager to death. The Margrave of Anspach, summoned by express, rode to the scene in the greatest haste, leaving his watch on his table, and without a shirt to change. He who by the superstitions of childhood and hallowed traditions was their land's father stood before them. The sight overawed them. They acknowledged their fault, and submitted to his severe reprimands. Four of them he threw into irons, and ordered all to the boats. Instead of the yagers, he in person assumed the office of driver; marched them through Mentz in defiance of the Elector; administered the oath of fidelity to the King of England at Nymwegen; and the land's father never left his post till, at the end of March, in the presence of Sir Joseph Yorke, his children, whose services he had sold, were delivered by him in person on board the British transports at S'cravendell. "The Margrave went through every detail, brought the men on board himself, went through the ships with them, marked their beds, gave out every order which was recommended to him, and saw it executed, with but little assistance indeed, from his own officers in the beginning, though they soon grew better reconciled."

The crazy Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, who ruled over but three hundred square miles with twenty thousand inhabitants, after unceasing importunities concluded a bargain for twelve hundred and twenty-eight men, to be delivered at his own risk at the place of embarkation. Death was the penalty for the attempt to desert; yet, as these regiments passed near the frontier of Prussia there was a loss of three hundred and thirty-three in ten days, and the number finally delivered was less than half of what was promised. When the men of Anhalt-Zerbst arrived at their destination at Quebec, the governor, having no orders to receive them, would not suffer them to disembark till a messenger could go to England and return.

The five hundred pages of this ninth volume take us over little more than two years, and the style is so weighty, the events, though not individually of much importance, so numerous, that it is impossible to give any idea of the campaigns which ensured the independence of America, within the small space at our disposal. Had Lord Clive, as Macaulay observes, been the English general there can be no doubt he would have succeeded in preserving the Colonies for some little time longer to the Crown. The first attempts at a constitution on the part of the Thirteen States, considering the long experience they had enjoyed of what in fact was self-government, were singularly abortive. Washington, in August 1776, intended "to obey implicitly the orders of Congress with a scrupulous exactness." But in November we find him overruling its orders "with modesty yet with clearness." In December he ventures to order on his own responsibility "three battalions of artillery to be immediately recruited," and excuses himself for assuming the functions of absolute authority; and at last, on the 27th of the same month, "Congress having maturely considered the present crisis, and having perfect reliance on the wisdom, vigour, and uprightness of General Washington," vested such extraordinary trusts in him for six months that no wonder he was reported in Europe to have been appointed "Dictator of America." Ninety years later, and powers as great, if not greater, were again found necessary to preserve the Union, and again laid down, without a



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struggle for retention, when the emergency had passed away. It is, however, material to remember that such necessities have occurred. The story moves somewhat heavily when it is transferred to Europe. As we have hinted before, American politics have never been of so much importance to European Cabinets as the statesmen of Washington, or the journalists of New York are ready to suppose. And there is much, very much, in this volume for which even European readers will care but little. It is not that Englishmen are so ungenerous that they would turn away as a matter of course from the record of their defeat. But, as it was found during the late war, the names were so familiar, both of men and places, yet with so little to mark their respective positions, that a more than ordinary attention was requisite to get a clear idea of what an event might mean, so we must confess to the same difficulty here. Everything is made to depend, and probably did depend, upon Washington. Yet he does not stand out in these pages like a Cromwell, or even like a Grant. He is constantly at variance with the central authority, and Congress seems ever to have been suspicious of its General. Yet his subordinates gave him far more trouble; and perhaps the capture of Lee by Colonel Harcourt was not less injurious to the royal cause than the surprise of Trenton. It was not till long after circumstances rather than good statesmanship had secured the independence of the country that Washington was cheerfully recognised as its first man. There seems to be something republican in the very method of praising him. We are perpetually reminded that had the fate of the Confederation depended upon purely military events, it might not have gained the victory. There is throughout a jealousy of attributing too much to one man. Yet the philosophy is very far from being that of the Positivist. Mr. Bancroft must have penned the sentence, "The law of continuity was unbroken," long before Mr. Grove made his now famous address to the British Association at Nottingham. Yet his assertion of the over-ruling power of events is quite as strong, though meant to point a different moral. To our minds the disguise is very thin, and, in fact, the despotism of public opinion in America leads, in some respects, to a more necessitarian theory than is yet received in Europe. We are also much amused at the writer's great desire to explain away every aristocratic ebullition on the part of his hero. Washington had once advised proper care in the nomination of officers, "and such pay as would encourage 'gentlemen' and persons of liberal sentiments to engage." . . . "His reiterated desire that the officers might be selected from among 'gentlemen,' meant no more than that the choice might fall on men who would be alive to the sense of their responsibility." We cannot accept this explanation. The word "gentleman" had a very well understood sense in that day, and it is not likely Washington used it in any other. Long afterwards, when he was President, those who attended his levee were presented to him as to a King. He shook hands with no one, and in all ways comported himself as a thoroughbred aristocrat. His model was England during the civil wars of the Republic. He would have found no place in such administrations as now sit at the White House. Mr. Bancroft seems anxious to conceal this from his countrymen; but it is at the expense, if not of fidelity, at all events of dramatic interest. Congress is a body for which we cannot feel much sympathy. The portraits our author draws more willingly are those of foreigners, of Howe and Fox. Perhaps he will rise into something of epic clearness as he nears the goal. Not even Republican jealousy could refuse the chief office of the infant State to the first and greatest of its children.

## A HUNTER'S EXPERIENCE.

*A Hunter's Experiences in the Southern States of America.* By Captain Flack (the Ranger). 8vo, pp. 359. 10s. 6d. (Longmans.)

SPORT in England can only be enjoyed for a few months in the year; that is, to speak

more accurately, sport with the gun. Sport in Texas can be enjoyed the whole year round. It is there one perpetual first of September. There are mule-rabbits, and smaller hares, grouse, quail, ducks, snipes, and wid-geons in the winter. "You put your foot on a tussock of grass that promises firm standing-ground, when up flies a snipe from beneath your foot, and a few yards on a bittern is kicked up. There is scarcely time to load before a great brown rail flies away (in a very sneaking fashion) through the tops of the weeds. If dogs are at hand when a briar-patch is reached, two or three shots at wood-cock may fairly be calculated on. . . ." You may pass, as Captain Flack did, a twelve-month in the forest, and live like the Duke in that of Arden, with no companions but your dogs, and no means of subsistence but the produce of your gun. "My good thick blanket was my only bed, and a rude hut of branches piled and woven together, my home." Powder and lead may be the only attractions to bring you to the settlements. But you need not lead this hermit-like life except from choice, "for in every little town it is easy enough to find two, three, or half-a-dozen comrades who desire no greater enjoyment than a month or so of camp-hunting." And these little towns not only provide friends, but a market for your game. Nor is it safe for many reasons to be too far apart from these ships of civilization, as they may be called, scattered over the boundless prairie ocean. There are four kinds of prairies, but that which consists of barren sands is obviously always avoided when possible. First, there are the "dry or rolling prairies, upon which feed vast herds of bison, numbering sometimes from 40,000 to 50,000 head. Here, too, may be found the common deer as well as its black-tailed kinsman. The Wapiti, or elk, the prong-horned antelope, the wild horse, with coyotes, or prairie wolves, and hares, all live upon the rolling prairie; and at night the silence of the huge plain is often broken by the howling of wolves, or by frantic lowings of some buffalo cow at the loss of her calf."

These prairies stretch all the way from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, and their uneven surface is varied by the flat or "weed" prairies, which contain swamps and their congenial game. "The timber prairies are, perhaps, the prettiest of all, being dotted over with evergreen oaks, either singly or in small groups, with occasionally smaller trees. These clusters of trees go by the name of 'mottes' or 'timber-lands.' Compared with the others, they are small in extent, and are found only in the neighbourhood of heavily-timbered river bottoms. They are the favourite haunts of the wild turkey, as there the weary birds can roll themselves in the dust, or pick insects from the grass, and yet have a shelter near at hand to run to on the appearance of any enemy."

So much, then, for the ground. Now for the mode of life. Four was the golden number for a party, and thus they divided the labour:—

One of the party would go to the town nearly every day with our venison and turkeys, as the heat of the climate would spoil the meat if kept long. A camp-keeper was left to take charge of our goods and chattels, and to have supper provided for the remaining two when they returned from the forest in the evening. These offices were generally undertaken in rotation, except when we had a visitor—some clerk or tradesman from the town, who wished to see wild life—and when this occurred we generally elected him to the duties of camp-keeper.

The routine of daily life was something in this style: Before daylight, the man whose duty it was to take care of the camp during the day, roused his comrades, who at once started up, and prepared their hunting-gear for the morning's sport; and while this was doing, the camp-keeper would replenish the smouldering fire, and prepare a cup of hot coffee, with just a suspicion of whisky in it. Long before the sights of the rifle were plainly visible the hunters were away, each taking his beat in the forest as previously agreed upon.

While they were absent, the camp-keeper's duty was to sweep out the hut, roll up the blankets, and

procure wood for the fire, as well as to stake the horses in a fresh pasturage. When he had done this, green coffee-beans had to be parched in the frying-pan, and ground, so as to make another jorum of hot strong coffee against the return of his companions.

No regular breakfast hour could be observed. Each man prepared his own food; and then made ready his game for market, skinning the deer, or plucking the turkeys, as the case might be. Then the day was passed as each man fancied, till evening began to draw on, and it was time to prepare for the evening hunt. Some played at cards, although money was very seldom staked; others cleaned and oiled their arms; dogs were fed; or a rifle-match would be held in some shady glade, the target usually employed being a dollar, or a piece of paper cut that size, and fixed to a tree. Should a novice desire to hunt quite alone, as novices will do, first let him remember that in all probability he will be lost in the forest. Here are two hints which may be useful to others as well as backwoodsmen. The first—how to make a shadow—would have been invaluable to Peter Schlemihl:—

It is quite true that the sky is so overcast with clouds that your body will throw no shadow; but still one may be produced from the shining blade of your hunting-knife; and it can be done thus: Hold the knife by the extreme end of its handle perpendicularly, so that the point shall rest upon your thumb-nail. A shadow will then be cast across the nail from the sun, whose position will thus be determined; and then, if you can give a pretty good guess at the time of day, your position north, east, south, and west, can be decided with tolerable accuracy.

Again:—

A man, when lost in the forest—"greenhorns" I mean, who cannot steer without a compass—invariably bears to the left; though I am not aware that there is any positive or decided reason for so doing. But still this is a fact which has often been proved by experienced trackers, both white and red, who have in many instances traced lost persons to some spot not far from the point of departure.

Captain Flack accounts for this by supposing that the left leg being generally less powerful than the right, may, insensibly of course, be outpaced by the stronger limb.

Eighteen chapters are devoted to as many kinds of game. So, amidst such a choice we are puzzled to select those which afford the best stories. The buffalo is, perhaps, the noblest spoil. Even the Indian kills him for glory as well as for food. As soon as the Spaniards introduced the horse the wild man began to abandon the custom, probably of immeasurable antiquity, which aims at driving a whole herd over a precipice into a chasm below. From the time the aborigines observed that when these beasts once take to flight they hold a straight course, and can scarcely be turned, they have taken advantage of the fact; and, possibly, the geologist owes many a collection of fossil bones to this simple cunning on the part of "our ancestors." Now the Indian uses a bow, and with this "can send an arrow, tipped with flint, clean through the body of a huge bull, and leave it quivering in the turf beyond." Englishmen, of course, prefer rifle and revolvers—the latter to finish with; but still they depend, like the natives, upon the trained horse, who strives equally with his rider to select some special victim from the herd.

If white men and red men have been equally reckless in destroying the game, both great and small, throughout the Continent, the former have made some little compensation by providing substitutes, in the shape of wild cattle and wild horses. The cattle are as wild as the buffaloes, and "infinitely more fierce and dangerous." To destroy these is to render a real service to everybody, and so long as there is space on the prairie there is no fear the breed, constantly renewed by truant cousins, and crossed with the descendants of English beasts, will ever be extinct. The wild horse is rather to be caught than killed, and when Captain Flack first went to Texas he found horse-flesh very cheap; a wild one, when lassoed, costing only two dollars. Now they sell from ten dollars to a hundred:—

Some of the horse raisers in Mexico own im-



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mense herds; and it is related of a very rich old lady, who sent her son to Spain to be educated, where he afterwards entered the army, that when he returned to his native land as colonel of his regiment, she sent him, from her *hacienda*, in the interior of Mexico, to Vera Cruz—the port at which her son and his men disembarked—a thousand white horses, as a free mount for his men.

Turn we from these larger game to another kind, altogether new. The puma is not very well known to naturalists, and most of Captain Flack's observations upon it are his own. "I once saw the skin of a panther, killed on the Trinity River, in Texas, hanging at a shop-door in Galveston, which was said to measure nine feet six inches; and, allowing several inches for increase of length, produced by stretching the skin to dry, beyond its living measurement, the animal alive must have measured nearly nine feet." Then there is the bob-tailed cat, or lynx (*Lynx Rufus*), and the leopard-cat (*F. Pardalis*), of two colours, all whose habits are the same:—

In the South, in the dense cane-breaks which border most of the Southern rivers, the wild cats secure their solitary retreats in which to rear their young. Protected by the tall canes, which intermatted, and woven together by the briars and creeping plants, are almost impenetrable to man or hound, they breed securely; so that, notwithstanding the settling of the country, they remain seemingly as numerous as they ever were. Leaving its young in some natural hole in the ground, or in some hollow tree, it steals forth at early morn, or late at night, and moving as silently as a shadow over the dried leaves, or through the brittle grass, which would rustle at the touch of anything less careful, it seeks its prey. No nest on a tree is secure from them—no burrow in the ground or hollow log uninvaded. The sheepfold, when young lambs are in season; the porkers and poultry-yard, all the year round, are taxed to supply it with food, and, though many are destroyed, "the cry is still they come." If it fails sometimes to surprise the rabbit or opossum in their seats, it can run them down. It springs from tree to tree, or branch to branch, clutching the unsuspecting bird on its perch. Its grace, beauty of motion, whether in pursuit of prey or in play, cannot be exceeded. No attitude is ungraceful—no leap too formidable. Each hair of its body is full of vitality.

The account of a cat-hunt is well told, but we must refer our readers to the book itself. Nor is America without its foxes, both red and gray. The latter, "when pressed by the hounds, will 'tree' as readily as a cat. In America everything seems to 'tree' or perch—quail, grouse, snipes, and, lastly, foxes." "Possum up the gum-tree, racoon in the hollow," were all welcome to our author, according to whose own confession the hunting instinct is very strong indeed. The former animal is familiar in a song, but we were scarcely prepared to find his normal position fit so well into a sermon, which seems no uncommon spiritual food even in the back-woods. "My brethren," said the Preacher, "that's your situation exactly. The world, the flesh, and the devil, compose the wind, that is trying to blow you off the Gospel-tree. But don't let go of it; hold on as a 'possum would in a hurricane. If the fore-legs of your passions get loose, hold on by your hind-legs of conscientiousness; and if they let go, hold on eternally by your tail, which is the promise that the Saints shall persevere unto the end."

Of all the feathered tribe, the turkey is the national bird, truly indigenous, and, in the opinion of Benjamin Franklin, should have been the American emblem. It is commonly thought he is the parent of the king of our own poultry yard, but it seems that the Spaniards found a domestic turkey in the possession of the inhabitants of Mexico and the West Indian Islands; and, if such be the case, it will go far to prove that the domestic turkey is a distinct species from the wild. Nor has it been found possible in America to bring up a brood which will stay at home from the wild turkey's eggs. He is by no means an easy bird to shoot. One veteran kept a hunter as crafty as himself at bay for three years, who related his triumph thus:—

I always hunted that ar' gobbler in the same range till I know'd his track and his "yelp" as

well as I do my old dogs. But the critter were so knowin' that when I "called" he would run from me, taking the opposite direction to my footmarks.

The old scaly varmint kept pretty much about a ridge, at the end of which, where it lost itself in the swamp, was a hollow cypress tree. Now, I were determined to have that gobbler, boys; so what do I do but put on my shoes heels foremost, walk down the hill very quietly, and get into the hollow tree. Well then I gave a call; and, boys, it would have done your hearts good to see that turkey come trotting down the ridge towards me, looking at my tracks, and thinking I had gone the other way.

We might multiply our extracts without end. Everywhere Captain Flack is at home—with skunks, and fish, and bees, as well as with bison and bears. Yet even he confesses to deadly fear—though in one situation alone—in presence of a rattlesnake. Such testimony to the power of fascination of the Evil Eye—for who can doubt the origin of that superstition—is almost conclusive. At all events, it gives a strong probability to the truth of this wonderful narrative with which we must finish, not without recommending the book heartily, not only to sportsmen and naturalists, but to every one who loves adventures and good stories:—

In Franklin County, Missouri, lived a little girl, thirteen years of age, along with her parents. She had always enjoyed good health, but was suddenly seen to waste away, till she became a mere skeleton. In the spring months of the year she exhibited a strange propensity to take her meals away from the house, carrying all her food to the banks of a stream near at hand, where she had been known to sit for hours at a time. The neighbours began to wonder at this extraordinary conduct, and suggested to her father that it would be well if a watch were set upon her movements. This was accordingly done. On a Friday morning the child went out and sat in her usual place by the creek till nearly noon, when she returned to the house and asked for food, upon which a large slice of bread and butter was given her, and she returned to the waterside.

In the meantime the father had stealthily followed his child, and ensconced himself behind some bushes. To his intense horror, he saw a huge black snake slowly lift its head into the child's lap, and receive the food from her hand, exhibiting the utmost greediness, and showing signs of anger whenever the child attempted to taste the food; the poor girl trembling like an aspen leaf all the while. The father uttered a loud groan as he beheld the influence which the monster had gained over the mind of his child. But some slight noise he made alarmed the snake, which glided away into the creek, and was lost to sight. He questioned the child as to why she gave her food to the snake, but she would not, or could not, give any answer.

After a consultation with some friends, it was determined that the girl should not be hindered from going to the creek the following day, and that if the snake made its appearance it should be killed. The child took her food to the creek the next morning as usual, and in due time the snake made his appearance. The father, who was watching with loaded gun, at once fired, and sent his shot through the reptile's head. The girl at once fell down fainting, while the snake, after rolling and twisting about, died. The girl recovered, but when she saw the monster was dead, swooned again. She once more recovered, but only to fall into convulsions a third time, and finally died without giving any explanation as to the influence the snake had exercised over her. In her last moments she seemed to be in the greatest agony, both of body and mind.

**Hetty Gouldworth.** A Novel. By George Macaulay. 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s. (Newby).—The generality of novels of late have been much devoid of plot or incident, and the one before us is no exception to that class. The chief characters in the story are Hetty and her two brothers, the children of a wealthy merchant who, when the story opens, is in very affluent circumstances. Some years previously, as the sequel shows, Hetty had met Lionel Harford, a young artist, whom she passionately loved, and who now, through a friend who turns out to be false, corresponds with her. Great losses reduce their father to poverty, and, in order to prop up the falling fortunes of his house, he is desirous that his daughter should marry a wealthy baronet, but instead of putting the matter to her in a proper light, he endeavours to bully her into it. This has a contrary effect and she refuses

to sacrifice herself for the sake of her father. In consequence of this refusal, Hetty and her two brothers are sent off to an uncle who keeps a school in Lincolnshire, where they suffer many hardships, and where Allen, one of her brothers, dies. In her despair she writes to the man she rejected for help; he takes her away, and we are suddenly told she is engaged to marry him, but some letters coming to light written by Lionel cause the match to be broken off; much unnecessary suffering is endured by Hetty, who, eventually, marries her first-lover. Here the story might have closed, but this apparently does not satisfy the author, for he tells his readers after twenty years Hetty dies, a fact they might, without any stretch of imagination, have anticipated.

**Kingsford.** By the Author of "Son and Heir." 2 Vols., 8vo. (Hurst and Blackett).—There is so much sameness in the generality of novels of the present day, and the plot of one is so similar to the plot of another, that one gets tired of them, and, bearing in mind the old adage "once bitten twice shy," we opened "Kingsford" with many misgivings, but were agreeably disappointed; the characters are well portrayed and there is no lack of interest any where. Kingsford is a village in the West of England, and here the chief scenes in the story are laid. Ralph Lorton is the Doctor of the place, and he falls in love with Margaret Clive, the sister of the squire; his offer she treats with ridicule, how can she marry a man so much beneath her? He, however, goes about his daily work as usual, but with a heavy heart. His mother, not knowing the cause of his change in his manner, attributes it to the various extraordinary reasons, and invites a religious young lady to see her whom she hopes will convert Ralph. Rose Williams may be taken for a model of one of those misguided people, who, in the belief they are doing God's service, go about terrifying the poor people with fearful accounts of the torments of Hell and the like; believe in Dr. Cumming, and have a holy pious horror of that "dreadful wicked Colenso." Time passes on, and, although Margaret Clive has many admirers, she cannot forget the village Doctor whom she refused, because of his poverty. Ralph, in one of his visits to his patients, is presented by an old servant of the squire's with a very ancient Bible, formerly belonging to his great grandfather, the Squire of Kingsford, in it he finds a will which leaves all the property to Colonel Kingsford, but he dying it comes to Ralph. In his disinterested kindness he offers to destroy it, but Erlesmere, Margaret's brother, will not hear of it, and, in spite of all Ralph's persuasions, insists on resigning the property. He and his sister go away and he accepts an appointment in India. After a long interval Margaret meets again the man she refused, and eventually they are married. There is no fault to find with the tale, but disinterested men, like Ralph Lorton, are rarely met, and credit is due to the author of "Son and Heir" for writing what is at once a pleasing and an improving book.

**A Practical Compendium of Accounts, for the use of Banking, Mercantile, and other Public Companies, and Accountants, Auditors, and Shareholders.** By John Hunter. Demy 8vo, pp. 128, 5s. (John King and Co.).—That some such book as this is required to enable shareholders to supplement the duties of auditors, an incident which occurred in the late crisis will abundantly testify. A rumour had been set afloat by some malicious individual, questioning the solvency of a certain Joint-Stock Company. The directors, indignant at so groundless an insinuation, demanded an investigation of their affairs. This was agreed to, and, to insure a severe scrutiny, two independent accountants were selected, both of whom were men of mark in their profession. The books, accounts, and securities were duly examined, the result, as was expected by the board, proving in every way satisfactory, and a certificate to this effect was forthwith issued. But, alas, the gratified shareholders had barely received the reassuring circular when the concern collapsed, while a subsequent investigation disclosed a condition of affairs the most disgraceful. Is it, therefore, surprising that professional auditors are voted a delusion, and the accounts of Joint-Stock Companies a snare? We are convinced that if the usual balance-sheet accompanying directors' reports were put forth as an evidence of the playfulness of its concoctors, the endorsement of the auditors being added with the same humorous intention, such documents could scarcely carry less weight than they now do. It is a fact that, at a recent meeting of a "flourishing" undertaking in the City, a balance-sheet was submitted to the members which absolutely showed a loss, during



the short period to which it referred, of an amount equal to nearly sixty per cent. of the subscribed capital, and yet the report, to which the previous statement was appended, was received with acclamation by the exultant meeting. These are only two instances out of a score we might name. Indeed, so ignorant are the great bulk of shareholders of the meaning conveyed by figures, that their speedy enlightenment can scarcely be expected, still we gladly welcome every effort in this direction, and we believe this last addition to the literature of Joint-Stock enterprise will not be the least effective means of attaining so desirable a result. Among much that is purely technical, and therefore interesting only to professional accountants, Mr. Hunter's book contains a mass of sound advice and information for the general and investing reader. The balance-sheet, that terrible array of figures, bewildering even to the shareholder who really tries to understand it, is here so clearly explained that he will easily discover that it contains facts as well as figures, and for the future he will have no difficulty in finding in it an indication of approaching danger or of successful progress. To secretaries, managers, nay even to directors of public companies, who will condescend to acquire the rudiments of prudence, this Compendium will be of the greatest assistance. It contains the pith of the Companies' Act of 1862, forms of books of account, and of all documents employed in the administration of limited undertakings. We can also recommend the book to clerks in banks and counting-houses, who desire to have some knowledge of office work beyond that of their department; and, as Mr. Hunter has had considerable experience as an accountant in one of the Indian Banks, his teaching will not be a hash of "double entry as taught in schools."

We have received the *Eclectic and Congregational Review*, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Family Herald*, the *Mother's Treasury*, the *Missing Link Magazine*, the *Children's Hour*, *Good Words*, the *Cottager and Artizan*, the *Christian Treasury*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *Sunday Teacher's Treasury*, the *St. James's Magazine*, the *Sixpenny Magazine*, the *Day of Rest*, the *Colonial Church Chronicle*, the *Church Builder*, the *Church of the People*, *Routledge's Magazine for Boys*, the *Boy's Own Magazine*, the *Boy's Monthly Magazine*, the *Children's Friend*, the *Infant's Magazine*, the *Pulpit Analyst*, the *Monthly Magazine*, the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, the *Young Englishwoman*, the *Band of Hope Review*, the *British Workman*, the *Ladies' Treasury*, *London Society*, the *Sixpenny Magazine*, *Evangelical Christendom*, the *Union Magazine for Sunday-school Teachers*, the *Bible-class Magazine*, the *Biblical Treasury*, the *Sunday-school Teacher's Magazine*, the *Youth's Magazine*, the *Child's Own Magazine*, the *British Navy and Army Review*, the *Mother's Friend*, *Merry and Wise*, the *Victoria Magazine*, *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, the *Net*, the *North Lonsdale Magazine and Lake District Miscellany*, the *Suburban Magazine*, *Christian Society*, and the first number of the *Englishwoman's Review*.

#### LITERARY DECENCY.

THE question of "literary decency" will, after all, not be raised first in the matter of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads." And it is to be raised on both sides of the Atlantic at once. It is proverbial that parents have always a weakness for that one of their offspring which happens to be slightly deformed. Such appears to be the case with Mr. Charles Reade. It is only in his eyes that Griffith Gaunt can appear his "masterpiece." The extreme violence with which he defends the bantling, arouses suspicion at once that all is not as it ought to be. The *Round Table* may possibly have given fair ground for an action on the merits; but to prosecute a London weekly for simply quoting it strikes us as very sharp practice. The result of legal proceedings, should they be really undertaken in either case, it is impossible to foresee. Nothing would be more likely than for an American jury to give a different verdict from an English one. Mr. Reade might be considered highly moral in one country, and, to use his own expression, a "Prurient Prude" in the other. He would be in the position of his own hero, if one of his two wives had declared against him. England is used to him, and the *Argosy* is or was his lawful wife, and it is too

late to point the finger at her. But some American periodical has, it is said, been robbed of its good name by the alliance. Griffith could hardly have escaped his fate had he demanded a trial, and even Mercy Vint was compelled, by a young gentleman of the Bar, to testify to what she would willingly have concealed. The boundary line which is drawn by circulating libraries is quite invisible to those who make it their business to read everything. A jury of publishers, a jury of critics, and a common jury, are very different bodies. The first is unanimous for Mr. Reade; the second shows no majority against him; to tempt the third can serve no purpose but revenge. If the novel does not transgress the bounds of propriety it would be difficult to prevent the pleadings of counsel from doing so; and a jury might think that a book which could necessitate such investigations had better not have been printed. Nothing but the danger of tampering in the slightest degree with the privilege of public trial—a privilege equally for the benefit of those who may be as for those who are parties—prevents the Divorce Court from sitting with closed doors; and a plea of justification might involve such a statement of the possible effects of exhibiting the arcana of married life to unhallowed gaze that ladies, if any were present, might beat a retreat from the Court, and leave Mr. Reade to his fate. Journals are, after all, the proper tribunals for authors to be satisfied with, and in the multitude of such counsellors there is at least some safety for the counselled.

Much more dignified, and in much better taste, is Mr. Swinburne's mode of treating his critics in a little pamphlet entitled "Notes on Poems and Reviews." We fully believe the author's statement that it is by no wish of his own that he has accepted such a task. One publisher has withdrawn the support of his firm from the rising poet. Another has resolved to undertake whatever risk may be attached to uniting his fortunes for the moment to an unpopular name. With this, as we have before observed, critics and journals cannot have anything to do. It is only as a bibliographer of a literary question that we may say we are not surprised to see the reason given by Mr. Swinburne for his defence against anonymous attacks:—"In recognition of his fair dealing with me in this matter, I am bound, by my own sense of right, to accede to the wishes of my present publisher, and to the wishes of friends, whose advice I value, that on his account, if not on mine, I should make some reply to the charges brought against me, as far as I understand them." It is characteristic of the day that Mr. Swinburne has stumbled upon the same expression which Mr. Reade is so proud of, that he boasts it will become a household phrase throughout the Union. But the former is strictly impersonal. He beckons those who can understand him into the open and general field, where "prurient prudery" cannot follow. What the latter means to do we have already told. It would not be fair, and no one who has read Mr. Swinburne's prose would consider it anything but conceit to make his defence in any other language but his own. Three poems he is principally concerned to explain; and he takes them in order, according to the bad eminence they have respectively attained to by merit. First on the list is *Anactoria*:-

In this poem I have simply expressed, or tried to express, that violence of affection between one and another which hardens into rage and deepens into despair. The key-note which I have here touched was struck long since by Sappho. We in England are taught, are compelled under penalties to learn, to construe, and to repeat, as school-boys, the imperishable and incomparable verses of that supreme poet; and I at least am grateful for the training. I have wished, and I have even ventured to hope, that I might be in time competent to translate into a baser and later language the divine words which even when a boy I could not but recognise as divine. That hope, if indeed I dared ever entertain such a hope, I soon found fallacious. To translate the two odes and the remaining fragments of Sappho is the one impossible task: and as witness of this I

will call up one of the greatest among poets. Catullus "translated"—or as his countrymen would now say "traduced"—the ode to *Anactoria*—Εἰς Ἐρωμένην; a more beautiful translation there never was and never will be; but compared with the Greek, it is colourless and bloodless, puffed out by additions and enfeebled by alterations. Let any one set against each other the two first stanzas, Latin and Greek, and pronounce. (This would be too much to ask of all of my critics; but some among the journalists of England may be capable of achieving the not exorbitant task.) Where Catullus failed I could not hope to succeed; I tried instead to reproduce in a diluted and dilated form the spirit of a poem which could not be reproduced in the body.

And then he points out that this very ode has been twice translated before—by Mr. Ambrose Phillips and by Boileau. The charge of blasphemy would probably not have been much urged had it stood alone. It is met, once for all, in a few crushing sentences, pointed in their application by a note:-

As to the angry appeal against supreme mystery of oppressive heaven, which I have ventured to put into her mouth at that point only where pleasure culminates in pain, affection in anger, and desire in despair—as to the "blasphemies" against God or Gods of which here and elsewhere I stand accused,—they are to be taken as the first outcome or outburst of foiled and fruitless passion recoiling on itself. After this, the spirit finds time to breathe and repose above all vexed senses of the weary body, all bitter labours of the revolted soul; the poet's pride of place is resumed, the lofty conscience of invincible immortality in the memories and the mouths of men.

The next culprit is *Dolores*. It has escaped all the critics that this forms, with the two poems that succeeded it, in the, for the time, suppressed volume, a lyrical monodrame:-

I have striven here to express that transient state of spirit through which a man may be supposed to pass, foiled in love, and weary of loving, but not yet in sight of rest; seeking refuge in those "violent delights" which "have violent ends," in fierce and frank sensualities which at least profess to be no more than they are. This poem, like *Faustine*, is so distinctly symbolic and fanciful that it cannot justly be amenable to judgment as a study in the school of realism. The spirit, bowed and discoloured by suffering and by passion (which are indeed the same thing and the same word), plays for awhile with its pleasures and its pains, mixes and distorts them with a sense half-humorous and half-mournful, exults in bitter and doubtful emotions:-

"Moods of fantastic sadness, nothing worth,"

It sports with sorrow, and jests against itself; cries out for freedom and confesses the chain; decorates with the name of goddess, crowns anew as the mystical Cottyto, some woman, real or ideal, in whom the pride of life, with its companion lusts, is incarnate. In her lover's half-shut eyes, her fierce unchaste beauty is transfigured, her cruel sensual eyes have a meaning and a message; there are memories and secrets in the kisses of her lips. She is the darker Venus, fed with burnt-offering and blood-sacrifice; the veiled image of that pleasure which men impelled by satiety and perverted by power have sought through ways as strange as Nero's before and since his time; the daughter of lust and death, and holding of both her parents; Our Lady of Pain, antagonist alike of trivial sins and virtues; no Virgin, and unblest of men; no mother of the Gods or God; no Cybele, served by sexless priests or monks, adored of Origen or of Alys; no likeness of her in Dindymus or Loreto.

So much for direct answer. The next passage might have been written by either novelist or poet. Both disclaim emphatically that they are always bound to dress in white, and sing secular hymns:-

It would seem indeed as though to publish a book were equivalent to thrusting it with violence into the hands of every mother and nurse in the kingdom as fit and necessary food for female infancy. Happily there is no fear that the supply of milk for babes will fall short of the demand for some time yet. There are moral milkmen enough, in all conscience, crying their ware about the streets and by-ways; fresh or stale, sour or sweet, the requisite fluid runs from a sufficiently copious issue. In due time, perhaps, the critical doctors may prescribe a stronger diet for their hypochondriac patient, the reading world; or that gigantic *malade imaginaire* called the public may rebel against the weekly draught or the daily



drug of MM. Purgon and Diafoirus. We, meanwhile, who profess to deal neither in poison nor in pap, may not unwillingly stand aside. Let those read who will, and let those who will abstain from reading. *Caveat emptor*. No one wishes to force men's food down the throats of babes and sucklings. The verses last analysed were assuredly written with no moral or immoral design; but the upshot seems to me moral rather than immoral, if it must needs be one or the other, and if (which I cannot be sure of) I construe aright those somewhat misty and changeable terms.

Let Mr. Robert Buchanan, amongst others, ponder this last sentence well. An "honest doubt," even about what is or is not immoral, is better than a creed which confounds them both with sincerity and its reverse. Yet again does the guardian of guardians deliver a charge, which cannot be suppressed:—

The question at issue is wider than any between a single writer and his critics, or it might well be allowed to drop. It is this: whether or not the first and last requisite of art is to give no offence; whether or not all that cannot be lispied in the nursery or fingered in the school-room is therefore to be cast out of the library; whether or not the domestic circle is to be for all men and writers the outer limit and extreme horizon of their world of work. For to this we have come; and all students of art must face the matter as it stands. Who has not heard it asked, in a final and triumphant tone, whether this book or that can be read aloud by her mother to a young girl? whether such and such a picture can properly be exposed to the eyes of young persons? If you reply that this is nothing to the point, you fall at once into the ranks of the immoral. Never till now, and nowhere but in England, could so monstrous an absurdity rear for one moment its deformed and eyeless head. In no past century were artists ever bidden to work on these terms; nor are they now, except among us. The disease, of course, afflicts the meanest members of the body with most virulence. Nowhere is cant at once so foul-mouthed and so tight-laced as in the penny, twopenny, threepenny, or sixpenny press. Nothing is so favourable to the undergrowth of real indecency as this overshadowing foliage of fictions, this artificial network of proprieties. *L'Ariste rit au soleil, l'Arétin ricane à l'ombre*. The whiter the sepulchre without, the ranker the rottenness within. Every touch of plaster is a sign of advancing decay. \* \* \* Literature to be worthy of men, must be large, liberal, sincere; and cannot be chaste if it be prudish. Purity and prudery cannot keep house together. Where free speech and fair play are interdicted, foul hints and evil suggestions are hatched into fetid life. And if literature indeed is not to deal with the full life of man and the whole nature of things, let it be cast aside with the rods and rattles of childhood. Whether it affect to teach or to amuse, it is equally trivial and contemptible to us; only less so than the charge of immorality. Against how few really great names has not this small and dirt-encrusted pebble been thrown! A reputation seems imperfect without this tribute also: one jewel is wanting to the crown. It is good to be praised by those whom all men should praise; it is better to be reviled by those whom all men should scorn.

We will not add one word to prejudice the case.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

#### To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—Will you of your courtesy allow me a few lines on this current topic? The subject has not been fully, nor, I think, from the American side of the matter, altogether fairly represented. That all English authors desire a Copyright Law between the countries is a thing of course, but that they are so ill-treated as they affect to be whilst without it I beg leave to doubt. Judging by the light of my own experience, I cannot see that we have so much of which to complain. In Mr. Trollope's hypothetical case of "Mr. Smith," prepayment for "early sheets" is assumed to be the only possible means by which a British author can get remuneration through Transatlantic editions; now this is one method, certainly, but not the only, nor the best, one. It is further supposed that the English writer must journey to America and entreat his publisher there for the Almighty Dollar before it will be conceded to him. To do America a little more justice, allow me to state facts that have occurred with myself. I never asked

for payment from an American firm; I thought it ill-consistent with dignity or generosity to sue for that which no law had established as my right; but, *entirely voluntarily*, my present valued friend and publisher, Mr. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, informed me (the then to him unknown) author of "Strachmere," of moneys lying due to my account as the percentage on the successful sale of that work: a percentage which he invariably sets aside for every writer, and which, of course, is much or little according to that writer's reputation in the States. By this rule I am now receiving much larger sums still, for the still larger sale of "Chandos"; and where a book is at all famous in the United States, the sale is, as Mr. Trollope observes, so enormous that the author's share in the profits rapidly becomes considerable. This is Mr. Lippincott's habitual mode of business—I believe it is not his alone—anyway, its justice and liberality should be known at a time when American publishers, *en masse*, are represented as only to be persuaded to give some profits to Englishmen if they thereby see their way to gratify a business spite against each other.

It seems to me highly unreasonable, because an International Law would be of benefit to us, to rail at American publishers for not going in the teeth of all their business interests in order to gratify us. Many noble-hearted men of that country, who see further than the immediate hour, and would sacrifice personal gain for intellectual gain, do sincerely desire to pass such a law through Congress. I have heard them earnestly argue and strive for it; but that business men do, as a body, thus prefer an ideal of pure justice to a present and practical advantage is neither true nor probable. Meantime the American publishers are twitted with the "want of disinterestedness" for not better filling the pockets of an English author. May they not ask, in answer, where is the latter's "disinterestedness" that he finds no pleasure in the circulation of his work, but can only fasten his eyes on the disc of an unattainable dollar? When a Londoner, not only translated without acknowledgment, but appropriated to his own name, the charming "Galerie du 18me Siecle," of Arsené Houssaye, M. Houssaye wrote—"Qu'importe? On ne fait pas un livre pour y mettre son nom, mais pour qu'il soit lu et discuté!" This is surely putting a worthier feeling and a higher motive into the pursuit of literature than can be in the baser reduction of all literary aims and desires to the one question of £. s. d.—I beg to remain, Sir, obediently yours,

OUIDA.

P.S.—I may add that I have been, and am annoyed by New York piracy that invades, or does its best to invade, the authorised Philadelphia editions of my novels; so it must not be imagined that I see but one side of the case, and view the matter through a rose-light. But any American will tell you that the force of public opinion in the United States is very nearly as efficient as a law in securing to a publisher the undisturbed possession of works to which he has notified his priority of right by early advertisement.

#### To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—In your last number a correspondent, signing himself "Fair Play," contrasts very forcibly two statements which have recently appeared in the *Times*, and concludes by asking "which is the truth?"

The one statement in the words of a leading article sets forth that to Professor Wheatstone alone is due the credit of having originated the Electric Telegraph. The other, finding place in the columns of the same journal, says that "Mr. Cooke is entitled to stand alone as the gentleman to whom this country is indebted for having practically introduced and carried out the Electric Telegraph as a useful undertaking, &c., &c." The former statement is anonymous, unsupported by authority or evidence; the latter forms part of an award or judgment of two eminent men, who give the grounds on which they founded their decision, after having before them printed evidence, models, and witnesses, as well as the litigants themselves; nay, the award was more than an ordinary judgment, to which rarely do both litigants give even an unwilling assent; not as in the fable does each receive but an empty shell whilst the judge swallows the oyster; here the oyster is awarded, and yet do both parties cordially acknowledge the correctness of the judgment, and their sense of gratitude to the judges.

In the first volume of Mr. Fothergill Cooke's work, he, with great fairness, reprints, not only his own statement, but Professor Wheatstone's reply, and, further, his own most telling rejoinder, the force of which ten years ago silenced the enemy's

guns, if it did not cause him to strike his colours. I think no one can read this volume without noticing in every page that the contested point (the oyster) was the honour of having originated and carried out the Electric Telegraph as a useful undertaking, and this was the point settled by the award.

There is something very remarkable in the arrangement and wording of that document; it begins by stating that "in 1836 all that was known of electric telegraphy was that it was a possible means of communicating intelligence, which had been tried and exhibited during many years by various philosophers." At last the right man comes. Mr. Cooke has seen one of these experiments at Heidelberg; he "is struck with its vast importance," hastens to England, his brain teeming with inventions for the practical application of the idea it has seized, he makes his instruments, arranges with a railway company for a field of operations, seeks scientific aid from Faraday, Roget, and Wheatstone, rouses the languid enthusiasm and talents of the latter, who joins him in a patent, but leaves to Mr. Cooke all control over, and all rights and advantages arising from, the practical work, because *he is the originator*. All this is done between 1836 and 1837, and, having admitted so much, the judges proceed to award him that honour, of which a certain scientific clique, prompting the mis-statements in the *Times*, have recently attempted to deprive him. They wind up their recital by declaring that "Mr. Cooke is entitled to stand alone," &c., &c., whilst high honour is due to Professor Wheatstone for his scientific investigations, whereby the public had been prepared for the great project." Freely admitting that, what more was wanted? Just what the litigants supply, viz., their cordial acknowledgment of the correctness of the facts.

I am a member of a branch of the British army which lays some claim to science, and is not unacquainted with telegraphic subjects; we honour all who investigate the laws of Nature with success, but we can distinguish between Vulcan, who scientifically forges the bolt in his laboratory, and the great Jove, who hurls and yet controls it. Our motto "*Ubique*," we may have borrowed from his thunder more ubiquitous than our own, and we may readily lend it to electric telegraphy; but one condition we must make, and that is that it be upheld in all justice and honour.

I would appeal to the honest judgment of all those under whose eye the award of Sir Isambard Brunel and Professor Daniel may pass, whether Mr. Fothergill Cooke is not the man who originated and established that electric telegraph which, as the *Times* says, "has now brought the whole world within a moment of time"?

I enclose my card, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,  
Dorchester, October 29th, 1866. R. A.

## PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

- ADAMS (Rev. H. C.). Tales for Sunday Reading. Twelve books in a packet. 18mo. Warne. 1s.
- AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a French Protestant, condemned to the Gallies for the sake of his Religion. Translated from the French. Cr. 8vo, pp. xii.—276. Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.
- ALLINE (Rev. Joseph). Saints' Pocket Book, being a short view of the Great and Precious Promises of the Gospel. New and Revised Edition, with a sketch of his Life and Writings, by James Nichols. 18mo, pp. xxx.—186. Tegg. 1s.
- ALTHAUS (Jullius, M.D.). On Epilepsy, Hysteria, and Ataxy. Three Lectures. Post 8vo, pp. 126. Churchill. 4s.
- ATLAS. The College A, for Schools and Families, with an Alphabetical Index of the Latitudes and Longitudes of 30,000 places. Thirty-three Full Coloured Maps. New and Revised Edition. Forty-sixth Thousand. Imp. 8vo. Warne. 10s. 6d.
- BANIM. Peter of the Castle; and The Fetches. By the O'Hara Family. New Edition, with Introduction and Notes, by Michael Banim, Esq. Post 8vo, bds, pp. viii.—334. Duffy. 2s.
- BARTH (Dr.). Natalie; or, the Broken Spring, and Setma, the Turkish Maiden. Translated from the German. New Edition. 18mo, pp. 128. Gall and Inglis. 9d.
- BOOK of Dates (The); or, Treasury of Universal Reference, comprising the Principal Events in all Ages, from the Earliest Records to the Present Times. With Index of Events. New and Revised Edition. 8vo, pp. 880. Griffin. 10s. 6d.
- BOOK (The) of Humour, Wit, and Wisdom; a Manual of Table-Talk. Fcap. 8vo, pp. vii.—365. Routledge. 3s. 6d.
- BOYC (Mlle. Louise). Le Livre d'Or 1. Abécédaire Français, illustré pour les petits enfants. Troisième Edition. Augmentée et Corrigée. Avec un Supplément. Cr. 8vo, bds. Asher. 2s. 6d.
- BRITISH Association of Progressive Spiritualists. Proceedings of the Second Convention, held at New castle-on-Tyne, July 25th and 26th, 1866. Cr. 8vo, 6d., pp. 71. J. Burns. 6d.
- BROCK (Mrs. Carey). Charity Helstone. A Tale. Fourth Thousand. Post 8vo, pp. 353. Seeleys. 5s.



# THE READER.

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**BYLES** (Sir John Barnard). Treatise of the Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, Bank Notes and Checks. The 9th Edition, with Notes from the 4th American Edition. 8vo, pp. lxx-569. *Street*. 24s.

**CARPENTER** (J. E.). Penny Readings in Prose and Verse. Series 8. Fscp. 8vo, bds., pp. 250. *Warne*. 1s.

**CONFIRMATION Class** (The); or, the History of a Year in Three Lives. By a Clergyman's Wife. Addressed to Village Girls. 18mo., pp. 143. *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*. 1s. 6d.

**CRESSWELL** (Rev. Henry). Meditations on Scriptural Subjects. 18mo., pp. 120. *Snow*. 1s. 6d.

**CYPLES** (W.). Philip the Dreamer. 3 vols. Post 8vo. *Newby*. 31s. 6d.

**DANIEL** (Mrs. Mackenzie). Grasping at Shadows. 3 vols. Post 8vo. *Street*. 31s. 6d.

**DAY** (Thomas). History of Sandford and Merton. With 6 Coloured Engravings. Fscp. 8vo, pp. 532. *Gall and Inglis*. 3s. 6d.

**DICKENS** (Charles). Works. Cheap Edition. Bleak House. In 2 vols., vol. 2. Post 8vo, bds., pp. 226. *Chapman and Hall*. 2s.

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## PHOTOGRAPHY.

*On a new Process for Equalising the Definition of all the Planes of a Solid Figure, represented in a Photographic Picture, by Mr. A. Claudet.*

This was the title of a paper read at the British Association in Section A. It has excited so much attention, and has been so differently estimated, that we think it best, instead of an abstract, to give some of the opinions upon it.

*Hardwicke's Science Gossip* says:—

Many old jokes are based upon the ease with which the simplest and most common-place things may be surrounded with many-syllabled technicalities, so as to assume an importance comically at variance with their real nature. We fear the long paper read by M. Claudet in Section A of the British Association, although advocating what its author designated "the greatest improvement which will have been introduced in photography," may recall some of these old jokes to its readers' memories. This paper described a little obsolete technical "dodge," introduced before lenses were manufactured to do actually and legitimately what M. Claudet's "new process," as it appears, is merely supposed to do. It consists of moving the lens in or out of the camera during the exposure of the plate, so that the various planes of distance represented, are alternately in and out of focus. The object in so doing is to distribute the definition more equally, and insure greater softness. But M. Claudet appears to have overlooked many objections to such a plan. The impossibility of regulating the degrees of sharpness with sufficient exactness, and that of so dividing the time of exposure as to allot to the in-focus and out-of-focus images their respective degrees of action on the plate, are all we need call attention to, as these in themselves suffice to demonstrate the impracticability of such a scheme. But there is something more to be said on this subject. That the photographic lens in its working should approach as near as possible "the beautiful instrument which gives to man the most perfect perception of all the wonders and beauties of nature," is of course to be admitted, although it must not be forgotten that what we see depends as much upon our powers of perception as upon the possession of sight, and that something more than eyes are required for "the most perfect reception of all the wonders and beauties of nature." Admitting this, we ask, Does the eye see all things near and remote with equal distinctness? No one will be hardy enough to say it does, and such being the case, why should we so alter our lenses as to make them give figures in which all parts are equally in or out of focus? The lens which gives one plane sharply in focus, and all other planes out of focus, is preferable to this, and its images are more nearly related to those seen with the human eye than are images in which every part on every plane of distance is equally out of focus. The concentrated nature of images thrown by the lens undoubtedly originates in photographs that hardness, mis-called sharpness, of which we have heard so many complain. But there should be behind the camera of the photographer, as there is behind the camera of the eye, that power of perception to which the recognition of nature's "wonders and beauties" is truly and mainly due; and where this is the case, with any good lens true and beautiful images may be reproduced without having recourse to the awkward and unsatisfactory shifts M. Claudet recommended in his paper "On a New Process for Equalizing the Definition of all the Planes of a Solid Figure represented in a Photographic Picture."

*The Popular Science Review* says:—

The paper of M. Claudet was not only "a day after the fair," but advocated an old-fashioned, imperfect, and inexact means of getting certain effects for which we already have legitimate and suitable instruments. M. Claudet's very unscientific process is simply that of allowing the front lens of a portrait combination to remain stationary during the exposure of the plate to light, while by means of a rack and pinion the back lens is moved at successive intervals the twentieth part of an inch. By this means all the planes of distance within certain limits are supposed to be successively in and out of focus. But M. Claudet appears to have overlooked the fact that the action of the in-focus and that of the out-of-focus planes are neither relative to their nearness or remoteness from the eye of the camera, nor calculated to equalize definition in all the planes of a solid figure represented in the photograph. The part first in focus is subjected to the action of the out-of-focus image during the time that the other parts are exposed to the changing images, and therefore must be more out of focus than the parts last exposed, which for the same reason must be most in focus. Artistic softness is not inconsistent



# THE READER.

3 NOVEMBER, 1866.

with crispness of definition, nor with perfection of detail, to both of which M. Claudet's process is opposed, although it certainly is with the concentrated intense sharpness due to the condensation of the image by the lens and the opticians endeavour to secure for one plane all the defining power the glasses possess. There is another consideration to be noticed, and that is, that the number of planes M. Claudet could put successively in and out of focus, would in too great a degree depend upon the length of the exposure. For instance, in taking the portraits of children, when there is usually only time enough to remove and replace the cap of the lens, the back lens could not well be moved at all, while in dull weather the rack could hardly be moved slowly enough, and the intervals between the movements of the back lens would probably have to be seriously lengthened. A process so variable in its results, and which is so dependent upon numerous and ordinary chances for its success, cannot be a good one, nor can we agree with M. Claudet in regarding it as "the greatest improvement which will have been introduced in photography." But supposing it really did equalize the definition of various planes of distance. Is this a desirable result? Does the human eye, which M. Claudet accepts as the ideal of what the photographic lens and camera should be—does this see all objects or planes, near and remote, with equal distinctness? No one can imagine it does so, and therefore our best artists are careful to give to these planes their relative degrees of distinctness in accordance with the aim of art and the facts of nature, as demonstrated by science. Upon this principle should photographic lenses be manufactured, and upon this principle should the operator work when focussing the images in his camera. M. Claudet is a veteran photographer, and was one of our first Daguerrean portraitists. Many valuable hints and suggestions have emanated from him at different times, but the long paper he read before this year's meeting of the British Association is an exception.

On the other hand, *The Art Union* thinks the result of M. Claudet's invention and practice seems to be an image which yields a print characterised by all the softness of an artistic study. The most important part of the discovery is the "attainment of greater perfection without moving the frame holding the plate in order to adapt it consecutively to the focus of each of the planes of the figure. In moving the frame it is evident that in one direction we increase, and in the other we reduce the size of those parts of the image which are consecutively brought into focus"; but by effectively working the lenses, we adapt the focus of every plane to the immovable frame holding the plate, which thus receives a representation of every plane with less increase or reduction of size than when the power of the double combination remains the same. As far as we understand M. Claudet's invention, it must be, especially for large portraits, invaluable.

M. Claudet also read another paper—

*On a Variable Diaphragm for Telescopes and Photographic Lenses, and a Magnifying Stereoscope with one Lens.*

## REPORTS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

**LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL, MANCHESTER.**—October 16th.—Edward Schunck, F.R.S., President, in the Chair.—"On the Isomorphism of Thallium-perchlorate with the Potassium and Ammonium-perchlorates," by Prof. H. E. Roscoe, F.R.S., &c.—"Catalogue of Binary Stars, with introductory Remarks," by A. Brothers, F.R.A.S. The author said that the purpose for which he had prepared a list of the stars known to be Binary at the time of the publication of Smyth's "Cycle," was to bring down the information as to the positions and distances of those stars to the present time, and for this object he had obtained the necessary information from some of the most eminent observers. He had found much inconvenience from having to examine a number of catalogues for the information he required for his own observations, and in the list submitted he had brought into one view all that the amateur would require in prosecuting his researches on the Binary Stars. Mr. Brothers said that he thought it inadvisable to include in the present list any other objects than those which had been observed by Smyth, and that he intended to prepare another list, which would include most of the stars which had shown a sufficiently large change of angle of position since 1842, to entitle them to a place with the well known Binary systems. The author's catalogue will shortly be published by the Society.

**PHYSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL SECTION.**—October 11th.—Joseph Baxendell, F.R.A.S., in

the Chair.—"Observations of the Eclipse of the Sun, October 8th, 1866, at Mr. Worthington's Observatory, Crumpsall," by Joseph Baxendell, F.R.A.S. The first contact was observed at 4h. 20m. 60s. Greenwich mean time. Owing to the low altitude of the Sun, its limb was very tremulous, but the error arising from this cause was estimated not to exceed one second. The telescope used was the equatorially-mounted achromatic, of 5 inches aperture and 70 inches focal length, with a positive eyepiece magnifying 68 times. The position of the observatory is, latitude 53° 30' 50" N., longitude 8° 56' 16" W.—"Results of a Comparison of the Magnitudes of the Bedford catalogue with those of Sir John Herschel," by George Knott, F.R.A.S. Communicated by Mr. Baxendell.—"Note on the Combined Magnitude of two stars in close proximity," by George Knott, F.R.A.S. Communicated by Mr. Baxendell.

**CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHICAL.**—Annual General Meeting, October 29.—The following is the list of officers elected:—President, Rev. H. W. Cookson, D.D.; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Paget, Professor Challis, Professor Stokes; Treasurer, Rev. W. M. Campion; Secretaries, Professor C. C. Babington, Professor Liveing, Rev. T. G. Bonney; New Members of Council, Mr. F. A. Paley, Mr. I. Todhunter, Mr. J. W. Clark.—"On the Halo of 22½°," by Professor Miller. The author commenced by a slight sketch of the difficulties which had been experienced in accounting for the phenomena of haloes, especially in those of 46°. After mentioning some experiments by himself and Mr. Bravais, which showed that the larger halo was best explained by supposing refraction to take place through the terminal and one of the lateral faces of the hexagonal prisms of the ice crystal, he described the results of examining a halo radius of 22½°, which had been seen in Russia to be formed on the ground; this, and a similar halo seen (together with that of 46°) by Professor Ritz during a "tourmente" in the Kandergrund, proved the present theory, that haloes were caused by the refraction of the sun's rays through ice crystals, to be right. He also gave an account of some experiments which, during the past summer, he had made at Rosenlain, at a height of 4,400 feet, with a polariscope, which showed that the light of a halo was such as is polarized by refraction.—"Further Experiments on the Synthesis of Organic Acids," by Mr. Catton. The author gave a sketch of his endeavours to produce the more complex forms, which occur in organic chemistry, synthetically. He described, at length, the results of combining carbonic acid with alcohol; passing the acid into the alcohol while it was dissolving sodium; these were—1, more complex compounds are produced; 2, this is done by mutual action of the carbonic acid and the alcohol; 3, two compounds are isolated, a dibasic and a hibasic acid, the equations being  $C_4H_6O_2 + 2C_2O_4 = C_8H_6O_{10}$  and  $C_{10}H_6O_2 + 3C_2O_4 = C_{10}H_6O_{14}$ .

**QUEKETT MICROSCOPICAL CLUB.**—October 26. Ernest Hart, President, in the chair.—Mr. Highley read a paper "On Shore Collecting," wherein he described the dress and implements most suited for such explorations, how to search the sands, seaweeds, cliffs in rocks, ledges, rock basins, and under-boulders, and what animals, microscopic or otherwise, were most likely to be found in each of these several retreats for the ocean's inhabitants. Twenty-eight new members were elected.

## MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

**MONDAY.**  
ROYAL INSTITUTION, at 2.—General Monthly Meeting.  
**TUESDAY.**  
ANTHROPOLOGICAL, at 8.  
ETHNOLOGICAL, at 8.—1st. "On the Skull of a Patagonian," by Professor Huxley.—2nd. "On the History and Migration of Cultivated Fruits, in reference to Ethnology," by J. Crawford, Esq.  
**WEDNESDAY.**  
GEOLOGICAL, at 8.—1st. "On some Remains of Dinosaurian Reptiles from the Stromberg Mountains, South Africa," by Professor T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.—2nd. "Additional Observations on the Geological Structure of North Devon and West Somerset," by J. Beete Jukes, F.R.S.—3rd. "On Marine Fossiliferous Beds of Secondary Age in Australia," by the Rev. W. B. Clarke.  
**THURSDAY.**  
MATHEMATICAL, at 8.—Annual General Meeting, at Burlington House.

## ART.

### THE FINE ARTS QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THIS is the second number of the new series, and so far as paper, type, and illustrations are concerned, it demands approval equally with its predecessors. The simple maintaining of so high

a standard in such matters is of itself emphatic praise. The articles, without in any instance moving us by their eloquence, or startling us by the trenchant force of their criticisms, are carefully prepared, and their literary form commends itself to the reader. So far, the new series is simply a continuation of that which preceded it. The improvement, and it is a decided one, consists in the more Catholic tone adopted in treating of art generally. The glaring partisanship of the early numbers has disappeared; and, although some of the writers in the first series are retained on the staff, they speak only in their judicial capacity, and keep their private predilections in becoming abeyance. P. R. Bism, and we speak it respectfully, must occupy only its own place in criticism; and any journal affecting to represent the art culture of England, and to expound the state and tendency of the fine arts generally, and bidding at the same time for success, must carefully eliminate from its pages everything bearing even the semblance of exclusiveness. This need not interfere with the individuality of the writer, or hinder argument in favour of this style or that, only it must come in the form of argument, not of dogma.

Besides "correspondence," and "short notices of books," there are about ten articles in the present number, all of which, as we have already said, are well up to the average standard. W. F. Rae opens with a lengthy criticism on the "History of Painting in England," and combats therein many of the opinions propounded by the Messrs. Redgrave, in their "Century of Painters of the English School." One of the writer's leading notions is that art has no nationality. "Like the human, as distinguished from the brute creation, art," he says, "can flourish in every land and in all climates." This article is followed by one on "Tuscan Sculptures," from the competent pen of Baron H. de Triqueti, in which he criticises approvingly the late work on this subject by Charles C. Perkins. Mr. W. M. Rossetti is fairly critical on Francis Turner Palgrave's book upon art, and takes him to task for his "excessive craving for finish" in sculpture. Such a sentence as the following speaks much for the progress of Mr. Rossetti's own art culture; and, although it may surprise some readers, coming from the pen it does, its utterance will most assuredly satisfy them that Mr. Rossetti is more competent than ever to exercise the functions of critic. "It is better," says he, "to put up with a lower degree of finish than importunately to demand a higher degree; the result of such a demand is but too likely to be the production of a lower quality of finish." This is sound teaching, and embodies a general principle, the truth of which Michael Angelo endorsed by his practice, and which all earnest students would do well to feel out for themselves. "The Exhibitions of the Year" are faithfully surveyed by Mr. Beavington Atkinson, and, notwithstanding the prodigiousness of the subject, he manages to throw it into a very readable article, and to say something characteristic and critical of almost every notable picture of the past season. The continuations are "Hippolyte Flandrin," "Jehan Fouquet," and "The Sistine Chapel and the Cartoons of Raphael." Mr. J. C. Robinson takes a comprehensive and intelligent glance at "The Early Portuguese School of Painting;" Mr. G. W. Reid is curious in his knowledge as applied to water marks in prints; and Mr. W. Noel Sainsbury no less interesting in what he tells us about the artists, Italian, French, and Diplomatic, who flourished in England under Charles the First.

### THE BRITISH GALLERY OF ART.

THIS gallery is for the sale of pictures, ancient and modern, and from their numbers as well as their quality they deserve recognition. The proprietor has secured additional space and light for his collection, and what is only secondary in importance, perfect comfort for visitors. Here one's memory is refreshed by the sight of many old favourites, and his interest stimulated by making the acquaintance of many works which are new. Among the former, Hilton's large work of "The Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison," occupies a prominent place. Our readers will remember this picture occupying a conspicuous place on the walls of the International Exhibition, and if the directors of our own national institution were wise they would very soon have it transferred to the walls of the public gallery. We remember no better example of the master than this, and the work possesses merit of itself which ought to preclude even the chance of its leaving the country. There are also in the present collection admirable examples of old Crome and his pupil Stark, of Nasmyth and Constable, Mulready, Leslie, Wilkie, and many others of our departed English masters are very fairly represented.



A generation has almost passed away since the unfortunate Dadd ceased to paint intelligibly; and although the more remarkable creations of this peculiarly gifted artist are absent from Mr. Cox's gallery, there are examples enough to convince any one that a genius was struck down when paralysis fell on the brain of the painter. He was good enough at all events to steal from, as Fuseli used to say of Blake, and at least, one of Dadd's works has been so closely followed by a distinguished living artist that, at first sight, it looks like palpable plagiarism.

Among the old masters will be found a very striking sketch by Murillo, and "Salvator Mundi" by no less a personage than Leonardo de Vinci. There is a curious history attached to this head, and visitors would do well to give it some attention. Besides Claude and Velasquez, we have many capital examples of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Among living men we find Erskine Nicol, J. B. Burgess, John Stirling, and Charles Lucy, in considerable force. The last named has a large historical work representing "Napoleon I. on board the Orient, on his Expedition to Egypt," in the act of answering the arguments of his fellow voyagers, calling in question the existence of a Deity. This picture, we believe, was a French commission, and has never been exhibited before in England. The incident depicted is a most interesting one, and we should imagine would become very popular in the form of an engraving. As a portrait picture it is wonderfully faithful, and there is an amount of artistic force and feeling about it rarely seen in works of the kind. It is exhibition enough of itself, and Mr. Lucy may well be congratulated on his achievement.

NEXT week will be opened to the public "The Winter exhibition of Cabinet pictures, the contributions of British Artists," at the French Gallery; and "The exhibition of water colour drawings at the McLean Gallery." To-day is the private view for both.

MR. O'NEIL's picture of "The Death of Raphael," of which we had occasion to speak so favourably when it hung on the walls of the Royal Academy this season, is to be engraved.

BESIDES Maclise's "Death of Nelson," the Art Union of London has bought Mr. Armitage's charming picture of "The Parents of Christ seeking Him" which hung in the north room of the Royal Academy this season. We emphatically commend such a choice, and believe the work will be placed in the hands of Mr. Jeans for engraving.

THE authorities at South Kensington, as we learn from Mr. Beavington Atkinson, have secured for that institution the bronze bust of "La Gorgone" by the Duchess of Castiglione Colonna, which we admired so much at the Royal Academy Exhibition.

FOR his forthcoming work, Mr. E. M. Ward will again have recourse to Scottish history.

ARTISTS begin again to flock townwards. The first social gathering of any importance took place at St. John's Wood last Saturday evening.

MR. WALLIS's "Winter Exhibition of Cabinet pictures and water-colour drawings" will be open to the public on Monday, at the Suffolk-street Gallery. To-day is the private view.

## MISCELLANEA.

WE understand that one of the volumes shortly to be added to the list of the Chronicles and Memorials issued under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls, will be that much-needed and long-desired book, all the extant records of the English Gilds. There is only one book (we believe) on Gilds, and that a German one, which has a very small basis of fact and a very large superstructure of conjecture, and it is a great reproach to English Antiquarians that none of them have yet collected the abundant materials on this subject that lie scattered about our island. The records we possess contain the statutes of Gilds in all parts of England, describe their festivals and processions, how they had a complete system of insurance against losses by fire, water, &c., and mutual loan arrangements; how many gallons of ale the Alderman might drink, and how many the brethren and sisters; how Oxford Gilds would let no cleric have anything to do with their affairs; what the dress clothes of the day were, and the undress; how a woman could sometimes be head of a Gild; how the Saturday half-holiday was insisted on, &c., &c. As a picture of the manners and the independent and self-reliant spirit of our fathers of our middle class in

the ages miscalled Dark, these records are invaluable; and we are glad to hear that the editing of them is to be entrusted to the man of all others who can do full justice to them, Mr. Toulmin Smith. We rely on him to give us the Latin documents as he finds them, and to resist the alteration of their spelling by the Treasury printer, on whom the Master of the Rolls's regulations throw the duty of making the spelling uniform with the standard that that worthy Judge has set up for all mediæval—nay, even autograph—manuscripts to conform to. Not a single MS. of the class we refer to has, we believe, been produced, written up to that standard. But that, say the upholders of it, is so much the worse for the MSS. It is quite clear that if the writer or copier of a Chronicle or the Statutes of a Gild did not know what Lord Romilly considers the clerical way of spelling Latin, he ought to have known it, and his modern editor shall make him look as if he had known it. The editor may leave the old writer's bad grammar alone: but his spelling, God forbid! Gothic Cathedrals are all very well, but if classical doorways and windows were not put into them, what would the world come to?

DR. MARY WALKER, who was one of the notabilities at the late Social Science Congress, paid a visit to Middlesex Hospital on Saturday. She wore a low-crowned plain felt hat, a dark plush coat, reaching nearly to the knees, and black cloth trousers.

THE *North American Review* for October gives us some specimens of a genuine American Poem, entitled, "Manomin: a Rhythical Romance of Minnesota," by Myron Coloney. Here is the picture of a house-raising in Minnesota;—

In the wild and windy forest how the cheerful axes rung!

While old Autumn on the choppers golden showers thickly flung.

All the settlers had assembled, sturdy brown, broad-handed band,

With their axes on their shoulders, come to lend a helping hand

In the rearing of a dwelling for the stranger just arrived,

Vowing they would never leave him till his family were hived!

Chopping down and nicely hewing, smooth and thin, the forest-trees,

Sawing, riving, shaving shingles, all were busier than bees!

Bossed by Uncle Andreas Darling, day by day the dwelling grew

'Neath that busy band of workers, while their jokes like arrows flew;

Trowels scraped and hammers rattled, axes glimmered in the sun;

Roofed and plastered, floored and windowed, Richard's house at last was done.

"Now then, boys," said Uncle Darling, "many helpers make work light;

Let us move in all this plunder, then we'll have a jig to-night!"

Chairs and tables, bales and boxes, from the wagons were unbound,

Beds put up, and in the mean time two young men were sent around

To invite the girls, and hire, if they could, old Jim McBride,

Who was a most splendid fiddler, and a jolly chap beside!

The description of the feast that followed the "raising" is Homeric, even though Epicurus is turned into a divinity:—

In a grove of sugar-maples Esther spread the repast out.

What a sight for Epicurus, if that god had been about!

Blue-winged teal and royal mallards, fed upon wild celery beds,

Black ducks, marsh-hens, juicy widgeons, fat and savory crimson-heads,

Plump wild geese and golden pheasants, prairie chickens, young and sweet,

Richly dressed and brownly roasted, more than fifty men could eat!

Broad black bass and mammoth pickerel, stuffed with highly-seasoned paste,

Pike and trout, all poured with sauces, cooked to suit the daintiest taste,

Haunches of the tenderest ven'son, juicy sirloins of the bear,

Steaks of elk, and steaming pot-pies filled with buttery grouse were there!

Berries stewed to crimson sauces, vegetables of every kind,

Flaky biscuit, golden butter,—really the bewildered mind

Shrinks from the enumeration of the many viands there,

Grows confused and lost in wonder at this princely bill of fare!

At the last meeting of the Belgian Academy of Sciences M. Quetelet, the Director of the Royal Observatory in Brussels exhibited copies of two

very interesting letters which had been sent by M. Chasles, from the Emperor Charles V. to Rabelais, respecting the quadrature of the circle. The Emperor, it appears, had offered a reward of 1,000 crowns for the solution of the problem, and he writes to Rabelais to inform him of the offer, and also to enquire whether he can furnish a solution. The first letter runs as follows:—"Maistre Rabelais, Vous qu'avez l'esprit fin et subtil, me pourriez vous satisfaire? J'ay promis 1,000 escus à celui qui trouvera la quadrature du cercle, et nul mathématicien n'a pu résoudre ce problème, j'ay pensé que vous qui estes ingénieux en toutes choses me satisferiez; et si le faites forte recompense en recevrez. Dieu vous vienne en aide. Charles. Ce X Septembre, 1542. A maître François Rabelais, docteur en toutes sciences et bonnes lettres." In the other letter the Imperial mathematician expresses his surprise at not having received the solution, and requests an answer by the bearer, stating what progress has been made. This fragment of a correspondence between two men so entirely dissimilar and yet apparently in close communication upon a subject which one would have thought equally distant from the minds of both, is of much interest.

AMONGST the other good things which are promised for the forthcoming Paris Exhibition, is a collection of the finest specimens of French printing and bookbinding. M. Firmin Didot, the Duc d'Aumale and several other distinguished collectors have promised to contribute, and copies of the first edition of Jacques de Thou, 1582, of the first edition of Montaigne's works, 1595, once the property of Queen Elizabeth, have already been offered.

It is a singular fact that the "leading journal" can never approach a scientific subject without getting into a mess. In a review of "The Resources, Products, and Industrial History of Birmingham," which appeared in the *Times* a few days back, the writer felt obliged to say something about Messrs. Chance, the celebrated glass manufacturers, of Spon Lane, near Birmingham. Speaking of the splendid lighthouse apparatus constructed by that firm, the reviewer says, "What are dioptric lights? We will try and explain . . . More than 40 years ago an ingenious Frenchman, named Fresnel, conceived the idea of making a light for marine illumination on the dioptric system—that is, by means of lenses. Perhaps M. Fresnel borrowed his notion from a very homely source . . . perhaps M. Fresnel had seen those glass globes filled with water which dressmakers place—or used to place, before these days of paraffin—between their eyes and their candle. For that is the dioptric system." This is no more the dioptric system than is a policeman's "bull's eye" and we protest against the illustrious Fresnel being called "an ingenious Frenchman." This is indeed faint praise for the man who established beyond all doubts the true theory of the interference of light, by one of the most beautiful experiments in physical optics, and whose researches on diffraction scarcely left anything to be done. The *Times* reviewer will find it scarcely possible to open a work on optics without finding the "ingenious Frenchman named Fresnel" mentioned more than once. The suggestion that he derived his first idea from a dressmaker's or wood engraver's globe is perfectly ridiculous. There were many workers in the field before Fresnel, and lenses were tried and abandoned at the South Foreland Lighthouse more than a century ago. He saw in an instant the disadvantages attendant on the use of ordinary lenses, and he set himself to remedy the defects. With this object in view, he constructed a compound lens built up of several concentric rings, which was not so heavy, and intercepted much less light than a solid lens. These annular lenses have moreover the advantage of being freer from stræ than larger masses of glass, the true proportions of the various parts of these compound lenses were determined "with so much judgment by Fresnel" says Mr. Alan Stevenson, "and the dimensions of the lenses so varied to suit the case of various lights, that nothing in this respect remains to be done by others." The beautiful system of lighthouse apparatus which bears Fresnel's name, furnishes perhaps the best instance of the application of abstruse mathematical formula to the ordinary purposes of life. But the *Times* reviewer, having probably met with Fresnel's name for the first time, is unable to see this, and he then goes on to say, that a dioptric light "consists of a hollow cylinder, built of lenses and prisms; in some cases 10 feet high and six in diameter." This is properly a catadioptric apparatus, that is, one in which lenses are combined with totally reflecting prisms—a most beautiful combination, due, we believe, to Mr. Alan Stevenson. But these



distinctions are too subtle for a *Times* reviewer. It is generally considered necessary that a person who undertakes to review a book should possess, in addition to the power of writing decent English, some previous knowledge of the subject, and should not trust to that obtained during a perusal of the work under notice. The passages we have quoted are not remarkable for containing any egregious blunders, but they furnish a good instance of the flimsy and superficial treatment of scientific subjects by writers in the *Times*. We do not look for profundity, but we expect at least accuracy.

THE winter session of the Anthropological Society of London will commence on the 6th of November, on which evening a conversazione will be held in the Society's rooms, to which Fellows and their friends will be invited. We learn that a large exhibition will take place of objects of anthropological interest, especially from the Zetland Isles, the Somme Valley, the Belgian and Périgord bone-caves, and from Western Africa.

IN connexion with the subject of Copyright with America, we may mention that Mr. David Wells, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, stated, at the recent meeting of the Social Science Association at Newhaven, Connecticut, that one-third of the books now published in the States are manufactured abroad.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS are about to issue a Shilling Christmas Annual, edited by Edmund Routledge. It will contain original Christmas Stories, by Mrs. Henry Wood, the Author of "East Lynne," Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Andrew Halliday, Thomas Miller, George Manville Fenn, Arthur Sketchley, Charles H. Ross, an original Christmas Play by Stirling Coyne, a new Burlesque, by F. C. Burnand, with Comical Illustrations by William Brunton, and a variety of Christmas Jokes and Puzzles. Mrs. Henry Wood, the Author of "East Lynne," is writing a story of School Life for Routledge's Magazine for Boys, entitled "The Orville College Boys."

MR. GEORGE TATE, of Alnwick, proposes to issue a second volume of his "History of the Borough, Castle, and Barony of Alnwick." It will contain a complete account of the Abbey and Castle Chantry; the Churches, and monographs on special portions of the history which could not be comprised within the limits of the first volume, which is, we understand, already out of print.

THE *Spectator* rejoices to think that the new Professor of Casuistry in the University of Cambridge, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, "will be severely tempted to lecture against the supposed science." But as a correspondent points out that Mr. Maurice still adheres to the Athanasian Creed, whilst he denies everlasting damnation, which, according to the same journal, is positively affirmed by that creed, we do not see that the Professor will be quite independent of his science. To assert that Casuistry is the art of making out that clauses or phrases do not mean what they appear to mean, is, of course, a vulgar blunder. But if it were so, Professor Maurice might justly be claimed as not altogether innocent of its practice, that is, if the statements about his views be correct.

THE new buildings of the Cambridge Union Society were opened on Tuesday. They are erected after the designs of the eminent architect, Mr. Waterhouse, on a plot of ground to the east of the Round Church; and do the utmost credit to their designer, both externally and internally. The material is chiefly red bricks, with stone nuillions, jambs, &c. On the ground floor is a spacious library, with offices and other rooms, and a debating theatre, capable of containing 600 persons. Its form is a rectangle, with shallow bays at each of the narrower ends, and it extends up to the roof. On the second floor are writing and magazine rooms, and the entrance to the gallery of the theatre; higher still, is the bound-newspaper room, and a commodious smoking apartment. The proceedings commenced at 1.30; the spacious theatre being well filled with the members of the Union and their friends, the gallery being assigned to the ladies. Earl Powis took the chair, and, in declaring the building formally opened, spoke of the value of debating as a part of educational training, and instanced many of his contemporaries as examples. Lord Houghton then delivered a most eloquent inaugural address, in which he sketched the past history of the Cambridge Union, and mentioned the names of many of those who had frequented it in his days, and had since risen to high reputation. He combated the common objections urged against debating societies in Universities, viz., that they encourage volubility and shallowness, and pointed out their value in promoting ease, clearness, aptness, and fluency in speaking. Professor Fawcett

proposed, and the President of the Oxford Union (Rev. W. Awdry) seconded, a vote of thanks to Lord Houghton, after which Professor Selwyn, in a most humorous speech, abounding in wise saws and quaint witticisms, proposed a vote of thanks to Earl Powis, which was seconded by the President of the Cambridge Union (Lord E. Fitzmaurice).

THE success of *Faust* is due to Mr. Phelps alone. He has studied his part even to a weird-like elongation of his fingers. The only passage in which he appears less than his instruments is when he prays the witch to allure Faust in the shape of a beautiful spirit. There is too much anxiety expressed in the adaptation for the success of Mephistophiles. He is not like Prospero, one to bury his wand when the purpose of the moment is accomplished. We ought to be made to feel that "she is not the first" applies as well to the man as the woman. It is impossible for a London audience to regard a book-worm as the loftiest type of humanity. In the original it is not with the living Faust, who certainly forfeited his stake, but with the infinite mercy that his familiar has to contend. His traps for a single soul should be made to seem a mere whim of Mephistophiles. His baits evidently cost him nothing. He merely wants to show after the Prologue in Heaven that he has lost none of his cunning, if he chooses to take the trouble. Man may have got a little sharper during the last eighteen hundred years, but if he is left alone, is still no match for Lucifer. Something of this should be apparent in every version; though perhaps the great superiority of the acting of Mephistophiles to that of Faust may in this case have compensated for actual intention. A little more visible contempt for his victim would place Mr. Phelps on a still higher elevation. He should sometimes be as weary of the master as he was of his scholars. The scene of Margaret and the evil spirit is altogether spoilt by being made to take place on the steps and not inside the Cathedral. For this we cannot blame the actor. It is there he should be perched as a familiar, with his corbelled masque, "grotesque and grim." We do not care to see the man; all we want is the voice of the fiend. But the last scene is the most disappointing. Mephistophiles retreats neither beaten nor victorious. If it is impossible to convey the idea of Faust's salvation within the limits of the play, his destiny should be foreshadowed in that of Margaret. In each case Mephisto claims his prey. In each he is denied by an arbiter from whom there is no appeal. As it is every effect is lost. Let Faust disappear with his friend; let Margaret expire in the effort to arrest him, and with his name on her lips; let the voice from below give place to music from above, and the meaning of the piece would be clear, which now it is not except to those who miss the highest interest of all. So much has been said of the scenery that we need not repeat our contemporaries; but none of them have alluded to the German rendering of Faust at the St. James's Theatre about twenty years ago.

MR. A. W. BENNETT will shortly add to his series of Gift-books, illustrated by Photography, two small volumes, "The Golden Ripple," by R. St. John Corbet, and a reprint of Whittier's last poem, "Snowbound."

LAST Saturday "The Frozen Deep"—a play written by Mr. Wilkie Collins some ten years since for Mr. Charles Dickens' private theatre at Tavistock House—was produced at the Olympic. It contains three good situations, equally distributed among the three acts, but the action is too little elaborated for the full expression of the motif. The conversion of Richard Wardour from his mood of murderous revenge is only indicated, and not gradually revealed, the long interval between the departure of the rivals and their re-appearance has so entirely to be filled in by the imagination of the spectator that only an actor infinite in suggestiveness can supply the necessary hint. It is no detraction from the real merits of Mr. Neville to say that his deficiency in this respect is clear. It is not easy to suppose him able to repair it, but it is at least within his power to moderate his voice in the second act, where, sustained at a uniform pitch of elevation throughout the scene with Lieut. Crayford, it loses in consequence half its legitimate force. Miss Lydia Foote plays Clara Vernon with a truth of conception which takes her out of the crowd of nameless young lady heroines of the modern drama, and in the scene of second-sight is both natural and dramatic.

M. MOULIN, a French captain of artillery has observed at sun-rise a luminous halo in the west, and in the middle of this halo, his own profile sharply delineated. M. Chevreul asserts that the phenomenon can only occur when the temperature of the atmosphere is very low; then the appearance

might be no more than a shadow projected on a bed of pieces of ice.

ON the 7th January next, the Society of Mineralogists of St. Petersburg will celebrate their Jubilee.

THE eruptions at Santorin still continue; and additional remains of antiquity have been discovered under the old volcanic deposits.

"THE second edition of M. Armand Baschet's 'Roi chez la Reine' is enriched with some new documents. The history of the secret marriage of Louis the Eleventh with Anne of Austria . . . is one on the details of which the lovers of indiscreet history delight to dwell." So runs a paragraph in the *Athenæum* of last Saturday. An account of the marriage of Louis XI. with Anne would certainly be a "new document." Passing over this almost incredible blunder, we are rather at a loss to know what sharp piece of information our contemporary has been bewildered with. Louis the Thirteenth was married by proxy to Anne of Austria, on the 18th October, 1614, at Burgos. The pair remained till 1638 without any family, when Louis XIII., who had lived separate from his wife for some time, unexpectedly paid her a visit, driven to her castle by a sudden storm, as some say, or as others say, by the contrivance of Richelieu. In consequence of this interview which was followed by a complete reconciliation, Louis XIV. was born within the year. All this is well known, but what particulars our "indiscreet" contemporary has become acquainted with for the first time, as we have not seen these "new documents" we cannot tell. We should recommend a course of M. Dumas' Novels to the gentleman who "does" the French books for the *Athenæum*.

WE understand that Messrs. Creswick and Shepherd, the lessees of the Surrey, have subscribed £100 to the fund for assisting the persons thrown out of employment by the destruction of the Standard Theatre.

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THE DAILY NEWS, October 22nd, 1866.

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THE MORNING POST, October 19th, 1866.

Messrs. King and Co. have just published a most useful work, entitled "A Practical Compendium of Accounts for the use of Banking Mercantile, and other Public Companies, and Accountants, Auditors, and Shareholders, by John Hunter, accountant." The author truly states that the system of accounts or book-keeping taught in the class-room is so different to that generally in use in large establishments, that young men or boys, on entering a banking-house or merchant's office, are for some time of scarcely any use, having to learn a system with which they are altogether unacquainted; and that, unless he has special advantages, even the practised clerk is kept so much in one department of an establishment as to know next to nothing of the general affairs of the house or the mode of conducting business in various departments, so that on removing from one house to another he is comparatively useless until he has had time to master the details and formularies of the department or office to which he may be removed. It is to, at least, give such parties the opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of the general forms and systems of accounts required that Mr. Hunter, who appears to have had great experience, has compiled the work now before us, and they cannot do better than study it. The author, moreover, recommends the work to the notice of accountants and auditors, especially if non-professional, as enabling them to obtain a correct knowledge of the affairs of the various companies with which they may become connected. So far as we can see, Mr. Hunter has laid down every rule for keeping and checking accounts that can be required but we pity the shareholder who endeavours to make himself acquainted with the affairs of any large company by examining all the books required. Auditors, however, most undoubtedly ought to do so, and if they do not they evidently neglect their duty, as we fear is the case in the majority of instances.

THE CIVIL SERVICE GAZETTE, October 20th, 1866.

Locking the stable-door when the horse has been stolen is a mode of precaution, the absurdity of which has been long recognised, but seldom avoided. When some unanticipated collapse of supposed security occurs we learn by practical experience the truth of laws which we have treated as mere forms of theoretical prudence. Shareholders in joint-stock enterprise are now beginning to act on those principles of mutual safety which in times of general prosperity they regarded as unnecessary. To understand the accounts of a public company has been considered hitherto a superfluous achievement on the part of a shareholder, and even in some cases—we are bound to confess it—of a director. It is impossible to deny that this laxity of supervision is the bane of joint-stock enterprise. The private trader, having only himself to depend upon, is obliged to watch carefully the economy of his establishment, and every fluctuation of his balance. In large public companies this all-important duty is too often shifted from one to another until the listless shareholders are some morning startled by the announcement that the company is insolvent.

To meet the great requirements of the day, and to offer facilities to the many who are now painfully convinced of their responsibilities, Mr. John Hunter has compiled the admirable work before us. A mere glance at its carefully arranged sections is sufficient to convince us that he has condensed an extraordinary amount of valuable experience in every page. To young men about to enter the great world of commerce Mr. Hunter's Book will be a veritable Aladdin's lamp, opening up the road to wealth. It is not a complicated volume of difficult problems, as many such books have unfortunately proved to be, but a simple and purely practical guide to all the proper forms and modes of banking and mercantile accounts. Where the existing system of book-keeping is faulty, Mr. Hunter does not hesitate to point the errors out, and to provide a remedy. His advice respecting a clear account of bills receivable, and a "daily list" or diary in which they should be entered and written off when paid, deserves special attention. But, above all, his able recommendation to shareholders and auditors will be read with the deepest interest, and we earnestly hope with the most beneficial results. We heartily congratulate Mr. Hunter on his successful elucidation of so many complicated details of book-keeping, and we unhesitatingly pronounce his book to be the most perfect and useful of its kind existing.

THE MORNING STAR, October 22nd, 1866.

A useful compendium of accounts for the use of banking, mercantile, and other public companies has been published by Mr. John Hunter, accountant. He very properly points out in his introduction how little the youth knows of practical work who passes from school to the desk, and there are few practical guides to which he can apply for information. Mr. Hunter endeavours to supply that want by providing him and all others—such as shareholders of public companies who desire to master the accounts—with instructions and explanations as to the books required, the accounts to be kept, the mode of making the entries in cash-books and journals, the kind of accounts which ought to pass between branches and head office, forms of half-yearly balances and general balances, and adds a very complete appendix of forms of documents required in the daily transactions of banking and mercantile business. Mr. Hunter condemns the practice of companies appointing unprofessional auditors, although that is a point which may be open to dispute. The great thing is to have skill and honesty, and if men of business, not professional auditors, possess these qualifications, there seems no reason why they ought not to be selected. The seventh section, on "The General Balance-Sheet by Head Office," contains many shrewd and valuable observations, which shareholders of companies would find not unworthy of attention at present, when so many of them complain of having been kept so utterly in the dark as to the position of their companies. The publishers of the volume is John King and Co., Limited, Queen-street.

THE GLOBE, 22nd October, 1866.

Among recent publications interesting to city people is "Hunter's Practical Compendium of Accounts" (King, 63 Queen Street), a book designed to offer many valuable suggestions to those who have the care of merchants and companies' account books. It is also well worthy the study of shareholders, who will find it contains practical advice upon balance sheets, and the duties of directors to afford information in explanation of the accounts. Mr. Hunter gives a copy of the balance sheet recommended by the Companies' Act, and thinks that it might be adopted with advantage, in lieu of the present bare and unsatisfactory forms generally in use.

CITY PRESS, 27th October, 1866.

A Practical Compendium of Accounts. By John Hunter. (J. King and Co., Queen-street, Cheapside.)—This manual is designed for the use of "banking, mercantile, and other public companies, and accountants, auditors, and shareholders," a rather numerous *clientèle*, it must be admitted, but to all of whom, Mr. Hunter would appear to be capable of speaking with authority, considering his practical connexion with important commercial concerns. The work is of too technical a character for us to pronounce a decided opinion upon its merits, but so far as we are able to judge, it will be of much assistance to young men in their endeavours to acquire practical knowledge of the manner in which business is conducted in the several departments of our great monetary and commercial establishments. In one section of the work, No. 7, relating to general balance-sheets of companies, the information and hints will be found specially important by shareholders.

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